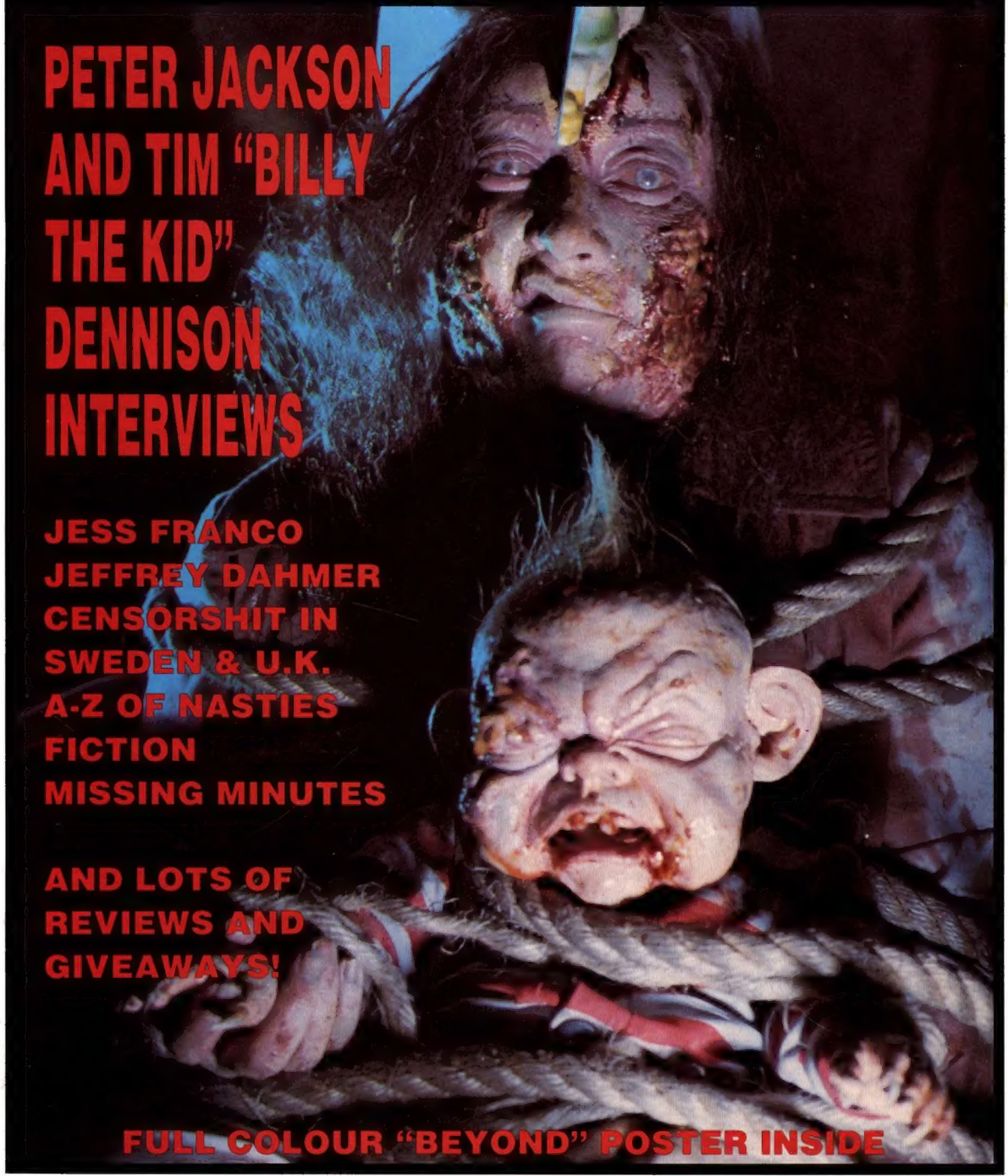


in the flesh

'THE MAGAZINE WITH GUTS!'

No. 11

£1.90



**PETER JACKSON
AND TIM "BILLY
THE KID"
DENNISON
INTERVIEWS**

**JESS FRANCO
JEFFREY DAHMER
CENSORSHIP IN
SWEDEN & U.K.
A-Z OF NASTIES
FICTION
MISSING MINUTES**

**AND LOTS OF
REVIEWS AND
GIVEAWAYS!**

FULL COLOUR "BEYOND" POSTER INSIDE

Steve C. (Editor),
Box 1, Garageland, Focus,
Princess Victoria Street, Clifton, Bristol, BS8 4BP



Welcome to another bunch of "crappy tabloid terminalities" to quote Dave Prothero in the first issue of 'Shivers: The Global Magazine of horror'....Huh! What exactly Mr Prothero thought he'd achieve by his endless pretentious prattle God only knows. I can take constructive criticism as much as the next man, but Mr Prothero's piece contained nothing that even neared constructive and seemed only to be there as a vehicle to generate controversy and show off how many long words Mr Dave "I've got a dictionary inserted, sideways, up my rectum" Prothero knew and could fit onto one page of text. Kiss my arse you pointless individual, I hope your big publication work has the same effect on people as your own publication; 'Bloody Hell' - tedium, it succeeded with me. Oh Yeah, the Chinese film reviews continue to be very popular

That's two from 'W.S.' here now and they're both welcome (Richard Griffiths being the other). A lot has happened since - I last greeted your smiling faces - I spent a wonderful month in California, which included a visit to the Fango 'Weekend of Horror' with many stars of the horror genre, all of which I failed to interview, it wasn't as simple as you'd think! Many stupid breeches of innocent people's privacy took place, better known as raids, (see pages 29 - 30), and I also lucky enough to get into a sneak distributors only, showing of Peter Jackson's latest blood-soaked epic "BRAINDEAD", but I'm sworn to secrecy for now, all I can say is it makes "BAD TASTE" look like "THE SOUND OF MUSIC"! I can only hope those lovely people at the BBFC take it with a bucket of salt or we'll never see it, legally, on these shores.

Last issue I asked for your most scary moments from horror movies and I was totally overwhelmed! I had maybe 10 replies...pathetic! Among the different suggestions were; "Friday 13th - part 2" opening window scene and "First Power", bag lady scene from Mark Tingle in Sheffield. The detective getting murdered in "Psycho" from Glyn Williams in Derby, and the head with the eyeball missing falling out of the hole in the bottom of the boat in "Jaws" from Billy Arthur in Surbiton. I really can't put together anything constructive unless you all try harder, the question is still open:

Q: WHAT IS THE MOMENT IN ANY FILM,

Editorial

and the "bouncing vampire" T-shirts are selling like the proverbial hot-cakes. Anyway, I've already spent more editorial space than it deserves on 'Shivers' it just wound me up beyond belief, let's see if 'Shivers' makes it to issue 11! And talking of issue 11, this is it! And I'd like to take this opportunity to welcome a new face that some of you will remember from his own fanzine; 'Whiplash Smile', John Hill.

Apart from that lot there's not much to say this time around. Oh Yeah me and the Mrs got a kitten, it was a stray, 3 weeks old, when we found it, but it's ripping the house to shreds now and I've got the scars to prove it. Just a little story to show you that this the horror fanzine with a heart, a place where kittens can find a home without fear of being pulled to bits over the bath. It also shows I'm not a Sleepwalker!

HORROR OR OTHERWISE, THAT HAS SCARRED YOU THE MOST?

Let's see if you can do better this time. There's also another question about "Widescreen" on the "Back Page".

That'll about do it. The next issue will, hopefully, be around before Xmas, or just after? I've got a Jim Van Bebber interview ready and an exclusive review of, the yet to be completed, "CHARLIE'S FAMILY" will most likely accompany it. There's also plans for a Alex Chandon interview to go in #12 too, rumour has it that he's got the cash he wanted to remake "BAD KARMA" from TROMA and so that should be an interesting one? In the next issue I'll probably have a fairly important announcement about the future of IN THE FLESH so make sure you're there, until then, enjoy the contents of #11, see ya on the back page for a goodbye.

Cheers,

Steve.
Z.

BACK ISSUE TIME

IN THE FLESH #1 = JORG BUTTGEREIT INTERVIEW, SHOCK AROUND THE CLOCK 3, ED GEIN, SS FILMS, NASTIES LIST & START OF A-Z OF NASTIES, NEWS

IN THE FLESH #2 = HENRY, OPERA, JESS FRANCO, A-Z OF NASTIES, CHIMERA, H.G. LEWIS, SAWNEY BEAN, BLACULA, X-WORD, DER TODESKING, NEWS & SPEWS.

IN THE FLESH #3 = BUDDY G. INTERVIEW, DAYS OF THE DEAD - ORIGINAL SCRIPT, SPLATTER 90, LESSER KNOWN FICTION A-Z OF NASTIES, NEWS & CHEWS.

IN THE FLESH #4 = SCOTT SPIEGEL INTERVIEW, FLOYD KAUFMAN INTERVIEW, PAUL NASCHY, BLU XPLOSION, BLACK SUNDAY, CARTELLE, NEWS & SNOOZE.

IN THE FLESH #5 = JOHN McNAUGHTON INTERVIEW, FLOYD KAUFMAN INTERVIEW, PAUL NASCHY, DRILLBIT, LINO, XMAS TREATS, BEATRICE CENCI, HENRY LEE LUCAS, FESTIVAL FEVER, NEWS & SHOES.

IN THE FLESH #6 = JOHN McNAUGHTON + STEVE C. INTERVIEW, LINO, XMAS TREATS, DEEP RED COMPLETE, TSUI HARK, REAL LIFE HORROR, A-Z, NEWS & YAHOO'!!!!

IN THE FLESH #7 = JORG BUTTGEREIT & CARUNCULA INTERVIEWS, TED BUNDY,

FULCI FILMOGRAPHY - IN ENGLISH!, JES FRANCO, DRILLER KILLER, A-Z OF NASTIES, FICTION & FACT, NEWS & BOOS!

IN THE FLESH #8 = H.G. LEWIS & NATHAN SCHIFF INTERVIEWS, RUSS MEYER, PRISON FILMS, CHARLES MANSON, VIOLENT SHIT 2 OPERA, GERMAN CENSORSHIT, FICTION, A-Z CONTINUES, NEWS & BLUES.

IN THE FLESH #9 = GREG NICOTERO INTERVIEW, BAD KARMA PROFILE, RUSS MEYER, PAUL NASCHY, BIKER MOVIES, THE SHINING, RICKY RAMIREZ, AUSTRALIAN CENSORSHIT, LARRY COHEN, A-Z OF NASTIES, FICTION, NEWS & POODOS!

IN THE FLESH #10 = GUNNAR "LEATHER-FACE" HANSEN & GREG "KNB" NICOTERO INTERVIEWS, VIPCO, PAUL NASCHY, TOM TOWLES, MOORS MURDERERS, CENSORSHIT IN FINLAND, DEMONS I + II, VERMILLION EYES, A-Z OF NASTIES, NEWS & CANDIES!

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ITF page 2 hunk: Lino (left) DRILLBIT

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THANX TO

RHIAN - SUPPORTIVE AS EVER, GRAHAM & SUE, SPENCE, ANT, RICK & KEN, TIM DENNISON, MARC M., KEVIN, PETER JACKSON, ALL FANZINES WHO'VE GIVEN ITF A PLUG, RICHARD, DOVETON, LIND "I WAS DAVID HESS'S ILLEGITIMATE LOVE CHILD" RAFFA, MIKAEL, JORG BUTT, AND ALL YOU FOR BUYING THIS!

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AT
LAST
IT'S
BACK!
TWO



2

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FINAL REPRESS

THE ANY OLD CRAP PAGE



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A-Z OF NASTIES

Title: MARDI GRAS MASSACRE.

Directed by: J. WEIS.

Starring: CURT DAWSON, GWEN ARMENT, LAURA MISCH, CATHRYN LACEY.

I know, let's start with some real trash! And as if by magic the shop-keeper appeared! Shit, this makes "FROZEN SCREAM" look like a masterpiece. It's a new low in acting, script-writing, directing and pretty much everything else. There is some nudity, but the whole film would have to be filled with 2000 nude Kim Basinger lookalikes to make up for everything else, needless to say it isn't.

The massacre of the title takes place when a rich nut pays prostitutes to come back to his apartment and then sacrifices them to a evil God; he ties them to a table and then cuts them open and scoops out their heart and other organs. Pretty gory stuff, and offensive if you're offended by

blatantly rubber stomachs and pigs hearts? Anyway, the police get on his tail and the hunt is on.

I must admit to never seeing more than half of this crap. It has so many faults it's painful to watch and would take a whole issue to point out each one, here's a few to keep you going though: The soundtrack is irritating as hell, the editing dreadful, the music too loud to hear the dialogue, a blessing in disguise! The story derivative and dull, the acting as wooden as a forest of oak trees.... the list is endless! In short though, "MARDI GRAS MASSACRE" is to be avoided at any cost! It's trash, trash, trash! The best thing I can say about it is it's got lots of nudity. Deadly dull dross.

THE FILM:

THE GORE: ***



Title: (BUTCHER,BAKER)NIGHTMARE MAKER.

Directed by: WILLIAM ASHER.

Starring: BO SVENSON, SUSAN TYRELL, JIMMY McNICHOL, MARCIA LEWIS.

Without a doubt one of the most entertaining and well made, so called "Nasties". From the opening, breath-taking, car crash you know you too are in for an exhilarating ride.

Billy is a young lad who is orphaned at the age of 3, when both his parents are killed in the car crash that opens the film. Right from that moment he is adopted by his auntie; Cheryl and brought up as her own son, she has no husband. He is a honest boy and as straight as the days long, so when he returns home one evening to find his aunt covered in blood after just killing a local handyman, who's body is still in the kitchen at her feet, in supposed self-defence, he finds it hard to tell the police that he saw the whole thing when he didn't. The police don't believe Cheryl's self-defence plea, that he was trying to rape her, especially when they discover he was gay and sleeping with Billy's Gym teacher at

school, the plot thickens...

The acting in "NIGHTMARE MAKER" (the title it was released with in the U.K.) is exceptional for it's time and budget. The effects are very professionally done and the whole thing is of a standard seldom found on this list of the 81 unwashed. The cover claims it was "Named best horror film of 1982 by the academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror." and I can believe it.

Meanwhile back in the murder investigation, the cop in-charge of it is as stubborn as a mule and makes Billy's life hell trying to prove that he is also gay and sleeping with his gym teacher, a idea that seems to ignore the fact that Billy is sleeping with a girl in school. This is a really nice little film that moves along well and is never boring. Definitely better than most of the 81.

THE FILM: *½**

THE GORE: **½



A-Z OF NASTIES

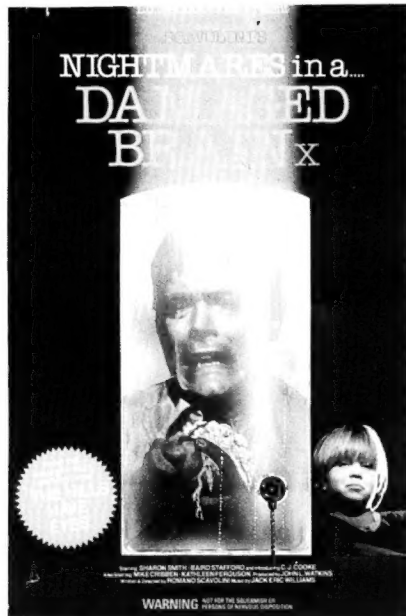
Title: NIGHTMARES IN A DAMAGED BRAIN.
Directed by: ROMANO SCAVOLINI.
Starring: SHARON SMITH, BAIRD STAFFORD
C.J. COOKE, MIKE CRIBBEN.

A confusing little film this, cut by quite a few minutes in the U.K., but it's not that easy, the "uncut" version also has the scenes in a different order....go figure!
 One of the more enjoyable "nasties" it revolves around a man who, as a kid, killed his mother and father with an axe. He's put in an institution, but released when the authorities consider him cured, unfortunately, as is always the case, the authorities are wrong and he's not cured at all, instead he's having drug-induced nightmares that make him start a killing spree.
 Having said "NIGHTMARES..." is heavily cut in the U.K. that doesn't mean it's goreless, on the contrary, it's pretty blood-soaked from start to finish, even though most of it is the same scene repeated over and over again - the kid killing his parents. Credited with the F.X. work on this is one Tom Savini, though how much he actually did is debateable.

The story continues, but there not a lot more I can tell you, it's pretty much stalk'n'slash stuff with a hint of sexual frustration and no hidden meanings. You know exactly what to expect if you've seen "HALLOWEEN" and the like. It moves along quickly enough without many boring moments, leave your brain in a bucket you won't need it here though. The acting is adequate only, the directing ditto and the effects are slightly better than you'd expect, but not much.

One of the goriest of the "nasties", a good effort that's very unlikely to reappear in any form in the U.K., even VPCO couldn't get this one through the BBFC without reducing it to a 20 minute short. A worthwhile 90 minutes could be spent watching this, but try and see the Dutch print instead.

THE FILM: ***
THE GORE: **½**



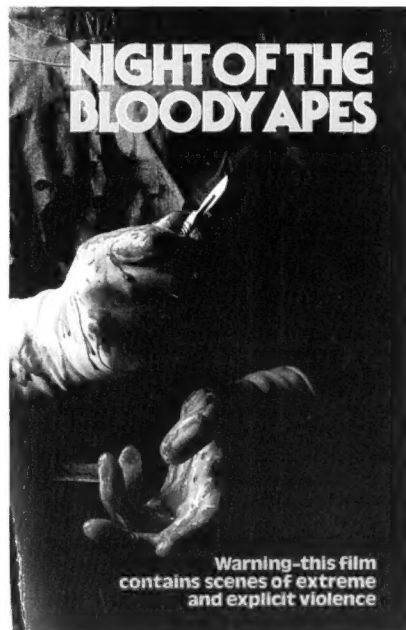
Title: NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES.
Directed by: RENE CARDONA.
Starring: JOSE ELIAS MORENO, ARMANDO SILVESTRE, NORMA LAZARENO.

Those of you who've seen "MAD RON'S PREVIEWS FROM HELL" might think this is the best film ever made? Just another example of misleading advertising - it is in fact the worst film ever made, amongst others that is. It is, among fans of this 1970s trash, considered a classic, but I'm definitely not one of that crew. It's without doubt, trash of the lowest kind.

The laughable plot follows a doctor who's son is dying of an incurable disease, but his father has an idea to save him. He figures that he can replace his son's heart with that of a large gorilla, and so after kidnapping a specimen from a local zoo he carries out the operation and it appears to be a success until the son starts to develop side-effects, like leaving the laboratory during the night and killing innocent people for no apparent reason.

As you can see pretty silly stuff, add to that the fact that he seems to mutate into a giant bug-eyed monster on these after-dark trips and that's the recipe for "NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES". Made in 1970 or 1968, depending on which book you read, in Mexico, it also features a bout of masked wrestling at the start and dreadful dubbing. It betrays its age with every shot and is so laughable it could never be called "nasty". There is some gore, such as eyes being thumb'd out, but it looks so false it has to be seen to be believed. The budget was obviously about 10 pesetas and everyone involved certainly weren't employed for their talents. The trouble with dubbed films is you can't really judge the acting skills, but I'd say that in the case of this bad is bad, in any language.

THE FILM: *
THE GORE: **½



A-Z OF NASTIES

Title: NIGHT OF THE DEMON.

Directed by: JAMES C. WATSON.

Starring: MICHAEL J. CUTT, JOY ALLEN, BOB COLLINS, JODI LAZARUS.

Now this is more like it, good healthy, low-budget, mindless, un-dubbed, American trash, the food of kings. Big beast in the forest is wiping out campers and hikers in various gruesome ways and that's about the size of it. It doesn't tax your brain, in fact it's better if you haven't got one at all! It's simple fun for all the family, dicks are ripped off motorcyclists, arms torn from campers and hikers are hurled, still in their sleeping-bags, onto wooden spikes and that's just in the first half an hour. Gee I love these "nasties".

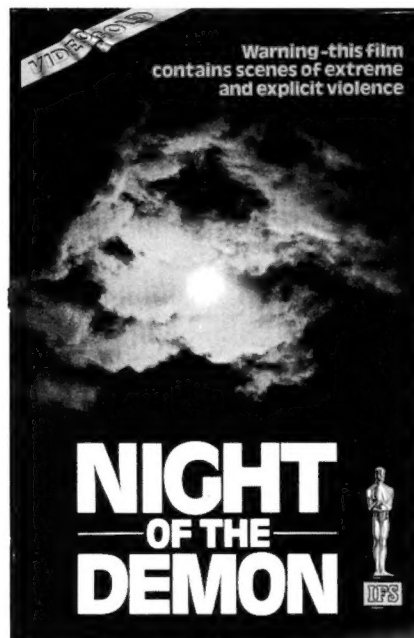
A giant "Yeti" type creature is stalking the under-growth of a local forest and so a gang of disposable teenagers and no-hoper adults visit the scene in the hope of finding the beastie, but instead find some weird devil worship stuff and an old hermit

called Wanda, who claims to have given birth to a mutation...aha!! They do eventually bump into their prey and the roles reverse for a climax of blood and bile hitting the fan.

This is a really fun film, budget is about \$10, acting straight out of "El Dorado" and the script and directing almost adequate. The gore is very plentiful and done with more spirit than skill. The whole thing flows though, there's hardly a dull moment, if you're not cheering at the gruesome murders you're laughing at the acting and one-liners, either way the time seems to go quickly. Very similar to "DON'T GO INTO THE WOODS ALONE", "NIGHT OF THE DEMON" works a lot better and is simply more entertaining. One of the more grisly "nasties", a bucket of fun and frolics.

THE FILM: **

THE GORE: ****



Title: NIGHT TRAIN MURDERS (aka LATE NIGHT TRAINS).

Directed by: ALDO LADO.

Starring: FLAVIO BUCCI, MACHA MERIL, GIANFRANCO DE GRASSI.

Cut quite severely in the U.K., this is another Italian entry into the 81 unwashed and unwatched, and quite a sick one at that. From the same mould as fare like "LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT" and "HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF THE PARK" it's a sick little piece of sleaze.

As the name suggests most of the film takes place on a "sleeper" train, two young girls are travelling away to visit the parents of one of them and spend the Christmas with them. Also on board the Trans-Europe Express are a pair of hoodlums who jumped on the train to escape the police chasing them at the station, as well as a tough business-woman; she is the first to be raped by one of the hoodlums, (or is it rape, she seems to be enjoying it a lot?) in the toilet, but not the last.

The two girls, the business-woman and the pair of yobs end up sharing a compartment together and here we are treated to the sight of one yob shooting up on drugs, before beating up, getting a hand-job off, stripping, raping and generally humiliating the two girls, the business-woman has made herself the, kind of, ring leader, I guess she did

enjoy the toilet encounter?

This has sleaze oozing from every celluloid frame. It's filmed a lot in the dark, so it's hard to see exactly what's happening, but it doesn't take much of an imagination to guess. The budget is, as always, low, but it doesn't really show. The acting is adequate and directing the same. It's dubbed as you'd expect, badly, but that can be lived with.

Back on the train, one of the girls escapes by jumping from the toilet window, but is killed in the fall, the other is killed and thrown out of the window by the terrible trio. When they reach the stop where the girls were due to leave the train and be met the three are taken in by the girl's parents; the woman has a bad leg and the father is a doctor, and a "LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT" type ending follows.

"NIGHT TRAIN MURDERS" isn't a great film, but it's interesting and as sick as they come. There's not much gore, a bit at the end, but it doesn't seem to matter with the subject and sleaze content.

Letterboxed in the U.K. by the way.

THE FILM: ***

THE GORE: **

THE SLEAZE: *****



AN ON OBSCURITIES

THE TERMINATORS

Right here is where I should be covering "HOUSE OF EXORCISM" and "BARON BLOOD", but I just couldn't be bothered, so instead the "Eye on Obscurities" this issue is Ruggero Deodato's "THE TERMINATORS" and Paul Leder's "POOR ALBERT & LITTLE ANNIE" (aka "I DISMEMBER MAMA"), I hope you enjoy them as much as I did, or didn't....you'll see!

Starring: RAY LOVELOCK, MARC POREL, ADOLFO CELI.

From the opening 10 minute motorcycle chase you know you're in for the ride of your lives, and that's just for starters.

From the man who brought us "CANNIBAL HOLocaust" and "THE LAST CANNIBAL", "THE TERMINATORS" is a complete change of style, pace and genre. I don't know whether this came before or after Deodato's cannibal phase, as I don't know the Italian name? But whenever it was "the boy done good!"

As I said, the film starts with a 10 minute motorcycle chase; Marc Porel and Ray Lovelock being the chasers and a couple of handbag thieves being the chased. You see Porel and Lovelock are undercover cops, good-

guys, a kind of 1970's Italian "Starsky and Hutch" or "Boddie and Doyle", and they've got the wise-cracks and female chat-up lines to prove it.

Anyway, our heroes catch their prey, but kill them in the process; an outcome that's common for this pair, so we soon find out, just one result of the pair's somewhat unconventional crime-fighting style.

Porel and Lovelock are part of an elite squad on the tail of the gang that the two motorcyclists belonged to and this includes, in their own inimitable way, setting fire to the gangs Rolls Royces and Ferraris and also the guys looking after them, they don't mess about these cops. Next they are involved in a hostage situation which also gets dealt with in their own way; by riding a motorbike through the window and blowing the kidnappers away from behind. Meanwhile a grass is getting "his" from the gang leader - his eye is poked out with a thumb and everything is related to this same gang, even the kidnapping.

"THE TERMINATORS" is a pretty nasty, gritty, realistic thriller with the

RUGGERO DEODATO

same kind of feel as "THE NAPLES CONNECTION". These Italian directors work cheap and consequently they have to use real settings, very few paid extras and generally cut corners everywhere possible. All this makes it more nasty with a feel of what's real - the cops look like criminals, the criminals look like criminals and the pain looks like it really hurts, probably because it does.

Still on the trail of the gang, who incidentally are involved in illegal gambling dens, our heroes get deeper and the rewards are mixed; one minute they're getting bollocked by their boss, the next they're taking turns to screw one of their suspect's sisters, it's a hard life being a cop in Italy, literally! And still the gang survives, despite being picked off one by one by Porel and Lovelock, they seem to know everything that our heroic duo do, before they do it. Yep, there's a grass on the same side as Porel and Lovelock and the plot thickens.

I don't know whether the U.K. version was cut but there's some very badly done edits when the violence shows up? Even so there is quite a lot of bloody bullet hits and a few other choice moments, on the whole though it's gritty, nasty, but dry.

"THE TERMINATORS" is definitely an obscurity and, for a change, a great shame that it is so. The dubbing is awful, as you'd expect, but it seems better than most.

The 90 minutes go quickly enough with very few, noticeably, corny moments, unusual for Italian movies of this era. On the whole an interesting little curiosity that deserves a better fate.



AN ON OBSCURITIES

POOR ALBERT & LITTLE ANNIE

Starring: ZOOEY HALL, GERI REISCHL, JOANNE MOORE JORDAN.

This little "classic" is better known by its other title of "I DISMEMBER MAMA", either way you cut it though, it still reads the same; cheap, cheesy, crap. From the cover illustration, and the catch phrase "Don't open your door for Albert! A psychopathic killer on the loose" to the opening scene of a nurse being attacked by Albert in the cell of the psychiatric hospital where he lives and the accompanying brass-band music you know exactly what to expect from this 1970s cheap "terror suspense", as it says on the cover, film; nothing, and you're not let down. The star of the film is Albert, he is confined in an asylum "only set up to

handle mildly disturbed cases", and that's not enough for Albert, believe me! He's there because he thinks every woman in the world is a whore and he tried to "knife" his mother, but failed, the first time! It's time for a second attempt and so after strangling a guard Albert is out on the loose and his mother's house is the first stop, after stealing a car that is. Upon arrival at the house Albert finds his mother left already, on police advice, but he's not that fussy and any woman would do at this point, the housekeeper is there, unlucky for her, for she suffers many indignities at the hands of Nutty Albert, before he kills her, just as her eleven year old daughter turns up to meet her mother. Albert manages

to convince Annie (now you can see what the title is all about, makes a lot more sense than "I DISMEMBER MAMA", because he doesn't) that her mother has gone to the doctors and wants her to go with Albert to Magic Mountain, but it's closed and so they go to the fair and afterwards to a hotel.

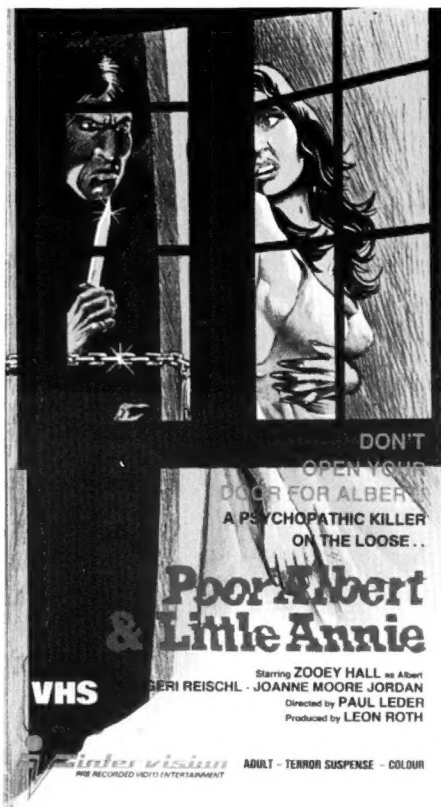
Albert treats Annie very well, for a woman murderer, and seems to have a genuine affection for the little girl, too young to be a whore I guess? He even performs a mock wedding ceremony in their hotel room, before going out, getting another woman, in a pool room and murdering her. Here he makes a fatal mistake though; he does the deed in his hotel room and Annie wakes and watches as Albert strangles his date on the living-room carpet, she screams and runs from the hotel with Albert in hot pursuit, chasing her into a mannequin factory and the finale.

"POOR ALBERT & LITTLE ANNIE" isn't completely awful, but not far off. It certainly doesn't live up to the statement on the cover or the dramatic description on the rear, but it is a serviceable thriller with a few quite nasty moments, but not many. There's very little, or should I say no blood. I'd heard that it was complete unredeemable crud from start to finish, but it's not quite that bad.

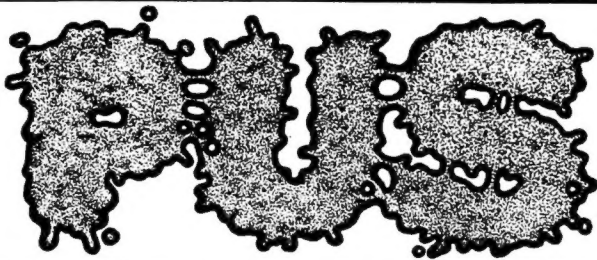
Released, originally, on the infamous "Intervision" label it was apparently re-issued, but I've never seen another version. Definitely an obscurity, this time is well deserved though. Harmless trash, a typical 1970s film with funky music to match the era you'd expect. Don't go out of your way to find or buy it.

NEXT ISSUE: I'll probably be taking a look at Umberto Lenzi's "PARANOIA" and Robert H Oliver's "FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE OF FREAKS". This will be followed in ITF #13 by a duo of Pete walker epics; "HOUSE OF WHIPCORD" and "FRIGHTMARE", well that's the plan anyway, but you know what they say about the best made plans....

PAUL LEDER



PAPER &



It's time to plug some of the competitors once again, if you want a cool zine, then look no further... infact you're looking at one right now!

Anyway keep sending 'em in guys and gals and be sure to do the same for good old IN THE FLESH, won't ya?

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THE GORE GORE GUY TALKS

THE PETER JACKSON INTERVIEW

The man responsible for three of the last five years is a chap called PETER JACKSON and IIF travelling reporter Dave Gregory managed to grab a word with the great man himself after the preview showing of "BRAIN DEAD" at the Cannes film festival this year.

Q: THAT WAS AN ULTRAVIOLENT CUT OF "BRAIN DEAD". DO YOU INTEND TO MAKE ANY CHANGES BEFORE IT GOES ON GENERAL RELEASE?

A: No, that's the finished film. Any changes that are going to happen will be dictated by the censorship of different countries. We're releasing it in New Zealand in August and that's the exact version that we're going to see. It will be an R16, anyone over 16 will be able to see it in that form.

Q: I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WERE PLANNING A SECOND VERSION FOR COUNTRIES WITH STRICT CENSORSHIP?

A: That was an idea but it's ultimately pointless because every country has such different censorship. If you make a softer version, it's still going to be too strong for certain countries, so it's impossible to please everybody. It's better just to release it and let them censor it, there's nothing you can do about it.

Q: WHAT PARTS DO YOU THINK THE CENSORS ARE GOING TO REACT TO THE MOST?

A: Well, I don't think they should react to anything, but they're just going to freak out at all the blood. The thing with a film like "BRAIN DEAD", and I'm sure I don't have to tell the readers of your magazine, is that it's basically harmless, it's not a violent movie because to me violence is a psychological, emotional thing. It's something that's nasty and cruel and harmful and painful and there's nothing like that intended in "BRAIN DEAD", it's just like a live action Tex Avery cartoon with blood, it's a cartoon. Nobody actually gets hurt, it's not a mean spirited film. Censors are so stupid, they just make their judge-

ments on the volume of blood. They don't actually notice what the film is doing psychologically to the audience. BRAIN DEAD's doing nothing harmful, it's making people laugh that's all and that's not harmful, but I don't think many censors will see it that way.

Q: DO THE INVESTORS EXPRESS CONCERN WHEN YOU CONFRONT THEM WITH YOUR IDEAS?

A: The only investors in "BRAIN DEAD" are the N.Z. Film Commission and Arlon Television. They read the script and invest based on liking the script and on liking my other two movies. They knew what to expect and I don't think they would have invested if they had all sorts of concerns. But they leave me alone, with "BRAIN DEAD" nobody took any time to tell me what should or shouldn't be in the movie. I stuck stuff in that wasn't in the script too, I kept on adding gore and adding gags but no-one has ever tried to restrict me. I've just had total 100% freedom to do whatever I want and I get New Zealand government money to do it.

Q: "BRAIN DEAD" IS CERTAINLY A MORE POLISHED EFFORT THAN "BAD TASTE" AND "MEET THE FEEBLES". DO YOU PUT THAT DOWN TO EXPERIENCE OR BUDGET?

A: A bit of both really. The budget comes into it to a certain extent but the experience of figuring out how to make films a little bit better also.

Q: IF YOU WERE OFFERED A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE, DO YOU THINK THEY WOULD TRY TO RESTRICT YOUR CREATIVE CONTROL?

A: I would imagine so because that's the way that Hollywood works. My situation in New Zealand is that the Film Commission gives me money and they let me go and do what I want, so ultimately it's my film. If I go to Hollywood, no matter what it is, I'm making a film for somebody else. I'm making a film for Paramount or Carolco or New Line or whoever they are, I'm making their movie for them. I'm a hired hand and the freedom is, depending on the company involved, restricted.

There's nowhere to hide in BRAIN DEAD.



Q: IS IT TRUE THAT YOU WERE OFFERED "BRIDE OF RE-ANIMATOR" AND A "FRIDAY 13TH" MOVIE?

A: Not really, with "BRIDE..." somebody just mentioned something to me about how I should do it. It was a French guy who was apparently investing in it, but it never got to any serious stage. I haven't been offered a "FRIDAY 13TH".

Q: HAVE YOU BEEN OFFERED ANYTHING ELSE?

A: I've had dealings with New Line over a "NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET" film. I can't really talk about it too much. It's not one that's happening, it was one that was a year or two ago that I was involved with for a while, but it may or may not happen. Freddy might not be dead, but I suspect he probably is.

Q: YOU USED STOP-START ANIMATION FOR THE "SIMIAN RATICUS" IN "BRAIN DEAD"



AND I KNOW THAT'S A TECHNIQUE YOU EXPLORED IN YOUR "SUPER 8" DAYS. IS IT SOMETHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO EXPLORE MORE IN FUTURE?

A: Yeah, I've got a script for a fantasy movie that I've written. I don't know if I'll be able to make it, it's one of those very expensive films that I'm not really in the position to finance yet. It's sitting on the shelf until such time as I do. But that's a "LORD OF THE RINGS" style fantasy and it's going to have a lot of monsters and dragons and all that sort of stuff, so I'd like to use stop-motion for that.

Q: YOUR MOTHER STRUCK ME AS A NICE PERSON IN THE "GOOD BAD TASTE" DOCUMENTARY, COOKING YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS DINNER AFTER FILMING. HOW DID YOU CONCEIVE SUCH A HIDEOUS MOTHER FOR "BRAIN DEAD"?

A: All I can say to save my mother any embarrassment is that the original idea for a guy who's mother turns into a zombie was told to me by Steven Sinclair. He was one of the co-writers and it was his idea, not mine, so I don't accept any responsibility for that at all.

Q: "MEET THE FEEBLES" HAS JUST BEEN RELEASED THEATRICALY IN ENGLAND. WERE THE INVESTORS HAPPY WITH THE FINAL PRODUCT, BECAUSE I UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU TOOK THINGS A LITTLE FURTHER THAN THEY EXPECTED?

A: Well, everyone thought that we were doing a satire on the Muppets which was not true at all. If we'd wanted to do that we would have done it. We were taking the mickey out of human being but making the humans into puppets. Then we went to the N.Z.F.C. with the idea, wrote the script and managed to convince them to invest in it. What ultimately happened is that there were an enormous amount of problems because as the film went on and as they started to realize what sort of film it was, they started to panic. They wanted stuff cut out. They started to pressure us to take out panty sniffing scenes and...I can't remember now, but there was a whole pile of stuff, a list of eight or nine scenes that they wanted edited or content removed. We just refused. They threatened to stop the cash and we threatened to cause an enormous public stink about it. The Film Commission would not have come out of it looking very good because they are a public body, like the civil service really. It's unfortunate that that had to happen but fortunately we managed to convince the N.Z.F.C. to get off our backs and let us finish the movie. "... FEEBLES" is exactly the film that we wanted to make, they didn't ultimately make us do anything.

Q: DID YOU RUN OVER BUDGET OR SCHEDULE ON "...FEEBLES"?

A: Yes we did. That was another cause of concern. The budget was very small but we did go over, which added to their panic. In the end it was made for a very cheap price. It doesn't look it, it looks like a really expensive movie and we're very pleased about that.

Q: WAS IT AS SUCCESSFUL AS "BAD TASTE" IN NEW ZEALAND, OR ELSEWHERE?

A: It was more successful than "BAD TASTE" in Australia. "...FEEBLES" did very well there, the Australians



One of few bloodless moments.

liked it better than anyone else, which says something about Australia. It did O.K. in New Zealand. I just think that in 10 years time people might realise that it's not a bad little movie. I know there's a lot of fans who like it but the mainstream critics who give it bad reviews, when there's a cure for AIDS and they're not so uptight about the rabbit, maybe it will become O.K. to like the FEEBLES?

Q: SO WHAT DOES THE NEAR FUTURE HOLD FOR YOU?

A: I'm not sure because I've got two or three things which I'm playing around with at the moment. I'm working on a script that's a little bit different, a slightly surreal,

Dennis Potter "SINGING DETECTIVE" type story based on a true New Zealand murder case. It's got a lot of connections with fantasy and I've got the fantasy movie and I've got another "BRAIN DEAD"/"BAD TASTE" style film as well. At this point in time I don't know which one I'll be doing next.

P.S. Peter went on to say that there is a legal problem with "BAD TASTE" at the moment and until it's cleared up "BAD TASTE" won't be officially available in the U.K. It could be around three years until the U.K. rights are obtained again, so make sure your copy's safe and sound.



Our hero mowing the zombies.



Undead last aid.

BRAINDEAD



TIMOTHY BALME DIANA PEÑALVER ELIZABETH MOODY IAN WATKIN

PROSTHETICS DESIGN **BOB McCARRON** CREATURE & GORE EFFECTS **RICHARD TAYLOR** PRODUCTION DESIGN **KEVIN LEONARD-JONES**

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REAL LIFE HORROR

In July 1991, Jeffrey Dahmer was arrested by Milwaukee police. He confessed to killing and dismembering 17 young men. Parts of many of which were found in his apartment and removed by the police in plastic bags.

Jeffrey Lionel Dahmer was born on the 21st May 1960 in Milwaukee, the first child of Lionel and Joyce Dahmer. He was a quiet, gentle boy. A loner, who spent most of his time wandering in the woods of the rural Bath township where his parents later moved. It was here, according to his father, Dahmer was sexually assaulted by a neighbour. This, his father believes, was the beginning of his son's sexual problems. Whilst at school Dahmer gained attention by clowning around, his sense of humour was said to be grotesque and sometimes cruel. However by the time his junior high days were finished Dahmer had made a vital discovery; he had tasted alcohol for the first time and enjoyed it. For a boy bogged down with moods, everything seemed a bit more rosy when he had some gin. At the age of 14 he was already on the road to alcoholism.

Something else was also happening in his life, at the age of 10 he had begun to experiment with things that were once alive, bleaching the bones of dead chickens and decapitating small rodents. Through trial and error he learned to use acid to strip the meat off the bones of animals. It became almost second nature to him. gruesome evidence of his early sadism was found at the family home, where he impaled the skull of a dog on a stick in the garden.

His human killing spree started in 1978, when he was just 18. His first victim was a hitchhiker; Steve Hicks. Dahmer took him back to his home and despite the instant relationship Dahmer told police that sex was not part of the evening. Then Steve made the worst, and last, mistake of his life; he decided it was time to leave. "No" said Dahmer, who then picked up a dumbbell and smashed it over his head and strangled him, he then dismembered the body, but had some problems disposing of it. This was solved by getting rid of the flesh and scattering the fragmented bones.

After the break-up of his family and his first killing Dahmer went into Ohio State University, but alcoholism had destroyed his will to work. Seeing no other career opportunities he joined the army, where again alcohol made him so inefficient that he was discharged. As he left Dahmer told his colleagues "some day you'll hear of me again!"

For 9 yrs after killing his first victim, Dahmer kept his homicidal impulses under control. After a short stay in Florida he moved in with his Grandmother, but he was still drinking heavily and was often in trouble with the police. Dahmer soon discovered Milwaukee's gay bars, but it wasn't long before patrons observed that he had a sinister habit; he would engage a customer in



An ordinary looking Joe, they're the ones to watch, they say.

conversation, offer him a drink and they'd end up in a drugged coma, yet Dahmer's intention was not to commit rape. He seemed to want to try out his drugs as a kind of experiment.

In 1986 Dahmer exposed himself to two young boys and was sentenced to a year on probation, however a year of good behaviour did nothing to alleviate his psychological problems, and on 15/9/87 Dahmer met 24 yr old Stephen Tuomi. Dahmer later claimed that he could not recall much from that night, admitting that they drank themselves into a stupor and when he woke up Tuomi was dead with blood coming from his mouth and strangulation marks on his throat. The situation left Dahmer terrified; alone in a hotel room with a corpse, he soon solved the problem with a suitcase into which he put the body, he then went back to his Grandmother's house and dismembered it, putting the parts into bags which went out with the trash. Dahmer performed his task of disposal so efficiently that the police were unable to find the slightest sign of it and decided not to charge him.

For Dahmer killing had become necessary to satisfy his deviant sexual impulses. The pace between victims soon would be measured in months and finally in mere days or hours.

Four months later on the 16/1/88, Dahmer picked up a white, young, male prostitute; James Doxater whom he took back to his Grandmother's and had sex in the basement, he then got the boy drunk and laced his drink with a sleeping pill. When he was unconscious he strangled him. With the garage at his disposal, getting rid of the body was easy. Firstly he cleaned the flesh from the bones with acid, then smashed the bones and scattered them around.

Two months elapsed before Dahmer killed again. This time it was a 23 yr old homosexual; Richard Guerrero, who met the same end.

Dahmer's Grandmother was becoming concerned about the awful smells coming from the garage, Dahmer insisted it was garbage, but the smell continued. Dahmer's father came to investigate and found a black sticky residue in the garage. Dahmer said he had been using acid to strip dead animals of their flesh, as he had done as a child. Dahmer's Grandmother had finally decided she could no longer put up with him, and so he moved out to a one bedroom rented flat and within 24 hrs Dahmer met a 13 yr old boy who he lured back to his apartment and drugged, but the boy somehow managed to escape and Dahmer was charged with sexual assault and enticing a child for immoral purposes. He spent a week in prison and was then released on bail. On 30/1/89 he was found guilty, the sentence would not be handed out until four months later though and on 25/3/89 he met 26 yr Anthony Sears in a bar. He agreed to go back with Dahmer to his Grandmother's. After sex Dahmer offered Sears a drink and the routine followed, however on this occasion Dahmer decided to preserve the skull as a memento, painted it and took it with him when he moved into Oxford Apartments.

Dahmer then appeared in court on 23/5/89 and his lawyer argued that the assault on the young boy was a one off and would never happen again, Dahmer pleaded "I am an alcoholic and a homosexual with sexual problems". The judge was touched by the appeal and sentenced Dahmer to 5 yrs on probation and a year in a house of correction. Unmoved by this sentence Dahmer moved onto his next victim; Raymond Smith, who when Dahmer offered him money to pose for photographs accepted. He took Smith back to his apartment No 213 and drugged and strangled him. Dahmer then removed his clothes and had oral sex with the body, before following the usual procedure, once again keeping the skull.

For his next prey Dahmer varied his method. He approached a 15 yr old Hispanic boy and offered him to pose nude for \$200, the boy agreed and went back to the apartment and instead of offering a drugged drink, Dahmer hit the boy over the head with a rubber mallet. It failed to knock him unconscious and he fought back. Dahmer let him go, he promised not to notify the police, but of course broke his promise when he was taken to hospital and gave police a description of the man who had assaulted him and his address. And that, apparently, was that, nothing more came of the incident until a year later, when the boy recognised Dahmer's photo in the media. A year had passed with police in possession of all the information.

Dahmer continued to kill. A few weeks later he picked up a young black dancer named Ernest Miller. They had sex in apartment 213 and Dahmer gave

him a drugged drink. This time though Dahmer's craving for violence was stronger than usual, and instead of strangling him, he cut his throat and kept the skeleton. He also kept the biceps, which he put in the freezer. Ernest Miller became victim No 8. Dahmer wasn't even halfway through his carnage. At this point Dahmer's neighbours were beginning to notice the smell of putrefying flesh. Some even asked about it and Dahmer would explain politely that his fridge was broken, or some meat had gone bad, or he didn't know but he had noticed a smell too.

23 yr old David Thomas was the last victim of 1990. He accepted Dahmer's offer to return to his apartment in exchange for money. Dahmer gave him a drugged drink but then decided Thomas was not his type and that he had no desire for sex, but since he was drugged up and might be angry when he woke, he killed him anyway. He filmed the dismemberment process and took photographs of the severed head. Thomas' sister later identified him by the photographs.

The first murder of the new year was 19 yr old black homosexual; Curtis Straughter. Dahmer picked him up on the 18/2/91. While they were engaging in oral sex, in the evil smelling apartment, the drugged drink began to take effect and the usual fate was to follow, as it did for 2 more victims in close succession - Errol Lindsey and Tony Hughes. Dahmer had become so casual now that he just left Hughes' body lying in the bedroom for a day or so before beginning the dismemberment process. With victim No 13 Dahmer again varied his method and came close to being caught. This was the 14 yr old boy; Konerak Sinthasomphone. Instead of strangling him after drugging and raping him, Dahmer went out to buy a pack of beer. Konerak woke up and almost escaped. He went running out into the street, where 2 girls found him and called the police. When they arrived they were faced with 2 males tussling, one of them naked, and 2 women helping the smaller one resist. With things under control the police went up to Dahmer's apartment. Dahmer started to apologise for his partner who was drunk. They were homosexual lovers and had had an argument. The 2 policemen believed him and left. The shiny badges going out the door were the last thing Konerak would ever see. When the policemen got to their cars they called in to report "Intoxicated Asian, naked male, was returned to his boyfriend". On a tape recording of the call, laughter was audible.

Dahmer next met another aspiring model named Matt Turner, who went back to Dahmer's apartment. In a later confession, Dahmer said nothing about sex, but admitted to drugging Turner, strangling him with a strap, then dismembering him and keeping the skull. 5 days later, Dahmer was looking for another victim. In a gay club he met 23 yr old Jeremiah Weinberger. The pair spent Saturday in room 213, Dahmer appeared to like his new acquaintance, but when the following day Weinberger said it was time to go Dahmer offered him a drink and his head joined the others in the freezer, as did 24 yr old Oliver Lacy's and, Dahmer's final victim; 25 yr old Joseph Bradeholt.

JEFFREY DAHMER



Dahmer then met 32 yr old Tracy Edwards at a shopping Mall, he invited him back to his apartment. Upon arrival there Edwards noticed the smell, he also noticed the male pin-ups on the walls, however he was fascinated by the fish tank containing Siamese fighting fish. Dahmer offered him a drugged drink which apparently had no effect on Edwards, who announced he was leaving, seconds later a handcuff was strapped around one of his wrists, he began to struggle but froze as Dahmer pressed a large knife against his chest, and told him that he would be killed unless he undressed. Dahmer then decided he wanted to take some photo's and Edwards took this opportunity to escape. He ran out into the street shouting and screaming which caught the attention of a passing patrol car. All they could gather was that a madman had been trying to kill him. Edwards then led them to No 213.

The tall good looking young white man who answered the door stood aside politely to let them inside looked perfectly calm. Both policemen had a feeling that this was a false alarm, until they smelled the unpleasant odour of decay, not unlike rotten fish. When they asked the man, who gave his name as Jeffrey Dahmer, why he had threatened Edwards he looked contrite and explained that he had just lost his job and had been drinking. They asked him for the key to the handcuffs, Dahmer looked nervous and suddenly became violent and hysterical. The policemen then began their search of the apartment. Within minutes they realised they had discovered a mixture of a slaughterhouse and torture chamber. The freezer compartment of the refrigerator contained meat in plastic bags, one of which looked like a human heart. Another freezer contained 3 plastic bags, each one with a severed head inside. A filing cabinet housed 3 skulls, and some bones, a box contained 2 more skulls and an album full of gruesome

photographs. 2 more skulls were found in a pan, while another contained severed hands and a male genital organ. The stinking blue plastic barrel held three male torsos. An electric saw stained with blood made it clear how Dahmer dismembered his victims.

In the early hours of Tuesday 23rd July 1991, forensic investigators began making a list of all human bits and pieces in the tiny apartment. Their inventory included hands, heads, pieces of muscle, genitals and various internal organs in addition to painted skulls and other bones, there were 11 skulls in all.

Dahmer fully cooperated with the police and confessed freely to his crimes soon after his arrest. He told them that over a period of 13 yrs he had murdered 17 young men and that he was different from other serial killers, he was a cannibal. The plastic bags of meat in the freezer were intended to be eaten, and described how he had fried the biceps of one victim.

Dahmer went to trial in January 1992 before Judge Lawrence Gram. On the advice of his defence Dahmer pleaded guilty but insane. The prosecution refused to accept the insanity plea. They pointed out that if Dahmer were found guilty but insane, and confined to a mental institution, he could plead for a review of his case after 2 years. One of the main prosecution witnesses psychiatrist Frederick Fosdick testified that although Dahmer was undoubtedly suffering from a psychiatric disorder (primarily necrophilia) it did not cause him to lack substantial capability to know the wrongness of his acts. The jury agreed, and on 15/2/92 they found Dahmer guilty of 15 murders with which he was charged, 2 days later Dahmer was sentenced to 15 consecutive terms of life imprisonment (Wisconsin has no death penalty) which means he can never be released.

(RHIAN C.)

CENSORSHIT

around the world

SWEDEN

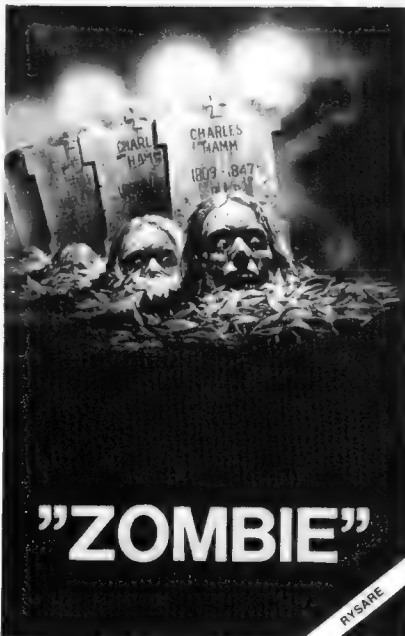
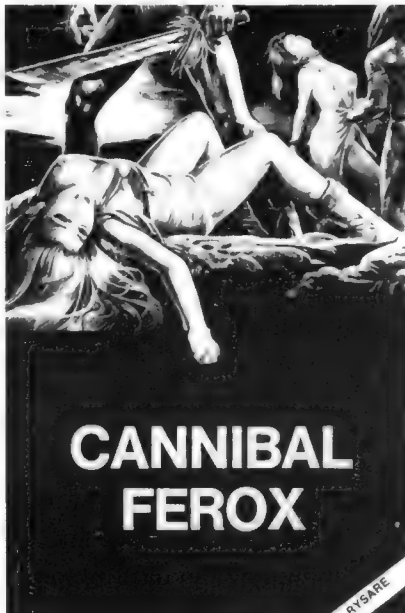
BY MIKAEL BOMARK

Everybody seems to think Sweden has such good censorshit laws, people really think I can go down to the local video-store and rent all kinds of gore flicks. I don't know where they got that bullshit from, it's the other way around...

Sweden has has censorshit on movies shown in the cinemas since 1911 (the oldest state run censorshit in the world!), from that date to now hundreds, or maybe thousands of films have been banned, some of them are: "MARK OF THE DEVIL", "VENUS IN FURS", "BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS", "THE DEVILS", most blaxploitation films etc. and God knows how many others have been cut!

The video-film's early days here in Sweden were, on the other hand, very nice indeed, from 1978-81 we didn't have any law at all that said what you could show on video, and the video films couldn't be examined by our bureau of censorshit; Statens Biografbyrå (the government's cinema bureau), since they only did movies destined for the cinema, so the video companies released many of the films banned in the cinemas. Then 2nd December 1980 there was a debate on I.V. (if you could call it that, there was no-one present to defend the films!) about the kind of "nasty" stuff that was available in the shops. They showed clips from films like "TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE" (of course), "BOGEYMAN", "DEATH TRAP", "TERROR", etc. and the hysteria started. Even as soon as the day after the program a group of people set out on a mission to put out a law proposition against the films. It all resulted in a law that came into force 1st July 1981, that said you couldn't show long or sadistic scenes of violence. Now people could also persecute old and new video-films, and they certainly did, lots of films got banned.

The main trouble this law caused for the video companies was that they didn't know what to cut in their films (they still couldn't let the cinema bureau examine the films), so some companies that were afraid of being prosecuted cut more than enough, others too little and they got prosecuted, quite a fucked up situation for the companies! The 1st August 1982 saw a small change in the law; films rated over 15 years were punishable (most of the "nasties" available were rated 18 & 20 years). Then 1st January 1986 the cinema bureau was opened for video films as well. The video companies has never actually been forced to let the



censorshit bureau examine their films, at least that's what the bureau wants us to think. If a film is released without being examined by the bureau (which rarely happens, the latest, that I know of, being "PAPRIKA" which was later withdrawn!) not many video store owners want to rent it out, because if some stupid fuck (and we got lots of them here!) decide to complain, and it gets condemned, it could lead to a fat fine for the company owner and the video store owner, so why take the chance!

So these days probably 100% of the video films get examined and many are cut or banned! Here ya have some films cut by the bureau in the last few years, right up in your ugly face - "WAXWORK" (3 min, 26 sec), "RODDCOP" (5 min, 46 sec), "BOY FROM HELL" (4 min, 4 sec), "RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD" (4 min, 28 sec), "DEAD HEAT" (4 min, 51 sec).

Well, let's get into some of the hot titles that have been available here. Many of the messy Italian classix have found their way to Sweden some in cut form, some uncut, actually we did have one company that kinda specialized in releasing these films; VIDEO INVEST. Sadly most of the horror films in their first package (16 in all) released in 1980 were cut, such titles as "CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST + FEROX", "THE BEYOND", "NIGHTMARE CITY", "TOOLBOX MURDERS", etc. But they made up for it when their next, and last, package of films (10 of them) hit the video shelves in early 1982. all of 'em uncut, it was films like "NEW YORK RIPPER", "HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY", "THE BURNING", "FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN", etc. quite a bunch of nasty films huh?!?! All of VIDEO INVEST's films later got banned, even the not gory ones (they had 3 or 4), like "NECROPHAGOUS", "TERROR EXPRESS". Then some stupid company decided to re-release many of their films again, cut, and we are talking **big** cuts now folks, there was not one violent scene in the re-releases, but they also got banned!!

The Dario Argento films haven't been treated with the respect they deserve, "TENEBRAE", "DEEP RED", and "SUSPIRIA" have been hacked to pieces by the video companies, the only one that got away fairly intact is "PHENOMENA", it only has, maybe, a minute missing and it's the "long" version we're talking about, but now I think most of them are banned. "OPERA" recently came out very cut.

I've heard that his early films; "BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE", "CAT O' NINE TAILS" should have been released but I have never actually seen them. Pasolini's "SALO - 120 DAYS OF SODOM" has been released uncut, probably one of the more perverted and nasty films still available, but it is considered as art so it's alright! We have also had some of the sleazy and glamorous Italian "S.S." flicks out uncut, "RED NIGHTS OF THE GESTAPO", "DEPORTED WOMEN OF THE S.S. SPECIAL SECTION", etc. all of them banned and very, very hard to find. That ol' pervert Jesus Franco haven't had much luck in Swede, his "DRACULA" thing with Christopher Lee has been out and I have found a Norwegian (!!) original of "JUSTINE", but I don't think it had a proper Swedish release. WHALTERS VIDEO took care of the blaxploitation department, and released mean black flicks like; "SHEBA BABY", "COFFY", "FOXY BROWN", "TRUCK TURNER", "SLAUGHTER", etc. all of 'em uncut. Two films of the "ILSA" trilogy (if you don't count Franco's one!) were once available, "ILSA: TIGRESS OF SIBERIA" had one small cut, in the beginning when they smash the head, "ILSA: HAREEMKEEPER OF THE OILSHEIKS" has been released twice, the 1st cut by, maybe, 5 minutes, when it got banned the company re-released it was missing 20-25 fucking minutes! None of Romero's "dead" films have ever been released, I don't even think anyone has tried to do so!! Shockumentaries have never been welcome here, but with a lotta luck you can find "KILLING OF AMERICA", which once, in the beginning of the 80's was released by THORN EMI. "EVIL DEAD" got released two years ago, cut maybe 15 minutes by the bureau, "EVIL DEAD II" was also released, with the same amount of minutes missing!

Well, now you've got a fast guide thru some of the Swedish releases. These days the censorshit have been hard on the hardcore porno films,

many titles have been withdrawn and groups against pornography are popping up everywhere. Still many of the U.S. porno films are uncut, they only get cut if there is forced sex or sadism in them.

Our rating on films is completely fucked up: 7, 11 and 15. What we need is an 18 rating, and we have heard, for years now, that they are working on one, but I doubt I'll be alive when we get that sucker! So the only thing to do is import the films you want to see, at least we don't have such disturbing customs as good ol' Britain, but who knows for how long....

SOME OF THE MOVIES BANNED:

BROTHERS IN ARMS
TWICE DEAD
PUNISHER
NIGHT OF THE DEMONS
SNAKE EATER
3:15
SPOOKIES
HOWLING II
NIGHTMARE HONEYMOON
EYE OF THE TIGER
BIG BAD MAMA II
NEON MANIACS
RE-ANIMATOR
FROM BEYOND
RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD
TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE II

SOME OF THE WITHDRAWN FILMS:

CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD (CUT)
ZOMBIE HOLOCAUST (CUT)
SCHIZOID
ZOMBIE FLESHEATERS (CUT)
BLOODY BIRTHDAY
THE BEYOND (CUT)
BLOOD CEREMONY (FEMALE BUTCHER)
TOOLBOX MURDERS (CUT)
HOUSE OF WHIPCORD
FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN
BLOOD FOR DRACULA
RED NIGHTS OF THE GESTAPO
I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE
NIGHT TRAIN MURDERS
MANIAC
TERROR
TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE
TOURIST TRAP (CUT)

HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF THE PARK
NEW YORK RIPPER
HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY
NIGHTMARE (IN A DAMAGED BRAIN)
BLOOD SUCKING FREAKS
NAKED CAGE
EATEN ALIVE (CUT)
NIGHTMARE CITY (CUT)
CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST (CUT)
CANNIBAL FEROX (CUT)
FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE
THE BURNING
VENGEANCE OF THE ZOMBIES
DEATH WEEKEND

P.S. Mikael does an excellent magazine, in English! It's called "BLACK" and the latest issue is advertised in this issue's "Paper & Pus" page.



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See some stuff that never made it into these films! ● The world's oldest living horror fan, LORRY ACKERMAN details his work as editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS and recalls 40 years of fantastic film. Lorry's house! ● A PHANTASM tribute. Interviews with ANGUS SCRIMM (THE TALL MAN), RIGGIE BANNISTER, JAMES LECROS, PAULA IRVINI and FX artist MARK SHOSIROM. Amazing behind the scenes footage of PHANTASM #1 ● Actor V.C. DUPRIE discusses his boxing match with Jason Voorhees in FRIDAY THE 13th PART VIII: JASON TAKES MANHATTAN. ● A preview of the unreleased THE LAUGHING DEAD. Interviews with writer/director S.P. SOMTOW and cast members TIM SULLIVAN & WENDY WEBB. Lots of clips!

DEAD BEAT VOL. 2 ● KNOB FX GROUP discuss their work on TALES FROM THE DARKSIDE: THE MOVIE, SEVERED TIES, TEXAS CHAINSAW III and more. Tons of behind the scenes stuff! ● Screenwriter/novelist DAVID SCHOW discusses his novels and writing for FRIDDY'S NIGHTMARES and TEXAS CHAINSAW III. Great resource for writers. ● A preview of MUTRONICS (THE GUYVER). Interviews with co-directors/IX artists SCREAMING MAD GEORGE and SILVI WANG. Excellent behind the scenes footage! ● Stop-motion animator RANDY COOK reveals how he brings incredible creatures to life in THE GALT & THE GALT II and I, MADMAN. ● RI-ANIMATOR tribute. Interviews with cast JULIUS COMBS, the late DAVID GALT, director STUART GORDON, producer BRIAN YU/NA (director of BRIDE OF RI-ANIMATOR) and FX make-up artist JOHN BUCHHEIT. Great insider stories!

DEAD BEAT VOL. 3 ● JOHN VUICH of OPTIC NERVE discusses FX work on TWO EVIL EYES, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD 1990, THE DARK HALL and BATMAN RETURNS. Amazing behind the scenes footage and a computer FX demo. ● THE UNNAMABLE RETURNS. Interviews with director JIAN-PAUL CHU/THU, actress/producer ALEXANDRA DURRILL, FX artist CHRIS BIGGS and two leading cast members. ● FRANK DARABONI, screenwriter for TIM STRIFF III, ILY II, THE DIB (remake), TALES FROM THE CRYPT, BURIED ALIVE and THE WOMAN IN THE ROOM. ● The ultimate HILLBILLY tribute! CIVIL BARKER (NIGHTMARE), TONY RANDALL (CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT) and ANTHONY HICKOX (WAXWORK) discuss directing chores on HILLBILLY, II: HILLBOUND and III: HILL ON EARTH. Your chance to hear from the top names in the horror film industry.

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● THE DEAD BEAT 1 & 2 ARE REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.

Letters

Dear Steve,
Sorry for taking so long to reply about FRIGHTNITE 2, but up until last week I was not sure what the status of future events was.

Unfortunately future FRIGHTNITES seem unlikely and the reason is pretty alarming, really. Before Christmas, we had been negotiating with the showcase in Liverpool, finally clinching a date in February with their head-office in Boston, U.S.A. Suddenly, without any warning, or reason the Showcase pulled out.

Next we went to the new M.G.M. multiplex negotiating with the London office, this time for a date in March again we thought we'd clinched the deal, and again they withdrew without giving us a reason.

Finally I went back to the Apollo management who up until this point had said they wanted F.N.2 at their cinema because they were happy with the way F.N.1 had been run, but in a telephone conversation with John Merryweather he declined our request for a hiring of the Apollo, saying he'd heard a rumour (we think from the M.G.M. management) that something dodgy had been going on at F.N.1 and he felt he couldn't hire to us again. It seems as though someone has been queering our pitch with various cinema chains, which unfortunately means it's very difficult to hold a bloody film festival without one.

I would be grateful if you could print the details of this story with a request for any concrete information about who has been spreading the malicious gossip as I intend taking action against whoever it is, in some form or other.

I have actually found another venue, but there are no free dates until December, so this might be a way of saving the FRIGHTNITE concept for the future....watch this space.

As you may realise I am well pissed off with the way things have panned out, no festival, no venue, and quite considerably out of pocket, with no way of recouping the loss.

I would like to thank you for the help, free plugs, competitions, etc.. over the past year, I've enclosed T-shirts for the ticket compo prize winners. I suppose the T-shirts are almost collectors items.

It would be good if you could also thank the people who showed any interest, went along to F.N.1, I've written to everyone on my mailing list to inform them of the current situation, but there may be some I missed.

Anyhow cheers mate.

STEVE FARAGHER (FRIGHTNITE)

If anyone can help Steve with anything, his address is: 35 HILBERRY AVE, TUEBROOK, LIVERPOOL, L13. 7.E.S

Dear Steve,
Great new issue, lovely cover, it just gets better and better.

I was going to write a long diatribe in defence of "I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE", which is nearly always treated unfairly. However, I would like to direct your attention to this month's "Sight & Sound" which has a fine piece on the film, by a woman no less, a million times more cohesive than I could ever make it. And of course there's another good essay in Martin Barker's Video Nasties book (carried on by John Martin in Samhain). All these articles should be read by anyone who thinks "I SPIT..." is worthless exploitation, which of course it isn't. In your review of "LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT" you called "I SPIT..." "nasty without reason" - now hang on, I think there is a reason, you know, that little matter of gang rape? That's why it's nasty, it simply isn't meant to be nice. You hit the nail on the head when you described "LAST HOUSE..." as "entertaining" - "I SPIT..." isn't supposed to be entertaining, it treats its subject very seriously indeed - in no way is it even remotely erotic or titillating. It's really supposed to make you feel slimy and ashamed to be male and in

that respect succeeds very well. It's a very difficult film to watch, you can't invite your mates around, crack open a beer and expect a night of televisual excellence. "LAST HOUSE..." on the other hand, though probably intending to make you feel just as bad, does have that added "entertainment" kick, probably brought on by Hess' character being almost likeable in a perverse way ("HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK" nearly manages to make you truly hate Hess (or rather his character), but, well there's still something there that makes you want to watch). Very few people would choose to watch "I SPIT..." more than once. Surely a perfect example of the power of film and filmmakers - if you are honest, you don't want to turn "I SPIT..." off because it's a shit film, but because it makes you feel uncomfortable to be so close to something so disgustingly realistic.

MICHAEL SLATTER, SUSSEX.

Michael,
I'm chastised, well and truly! I stick by original review, but your points are valid and logical. I guess we'll have to agree to differ.

P.S. "EVIL SPAWN" was originally a Fred Olen Ray movie, sort of. He released it as "DEADLY STING" but was taken to court by Bressee and the makers, who re-edited, re-titled and re-released it. She said "our version has at least one thing that his hasn't: a plot" Yeah, RIGHT!!! Ray's wife, Dawn Wildsmith (aka Donna Shock) is in it too.

MICHAEL SLATTER, SUSSEX.

Dear Steve,
Colour cover on issue 10 was excellent, but I prefer the old "Evil Dead" tape recorder logo! Also have you seen the new horror mag "Shivers" made by the makers of "Starburst"? Thought the article called "Hell Screen" on page 31 was rather hard on "In The Flesh" and the general horror underground and Chinese movie scene, in fact the guy who wrote it (David Prothero) talks a load of shit! Keep up the good work,
MATHEW ELLARBY, CLEVELAND.

What more can I say, except "Thanks MatheW, I agree!"

DEATHTRIP..2



[illegible]

It's...

It's... **competition time**

MOST IMPORTANT!

AS ALWAYS, SEND EACH ENTRY ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER, BUT DON'T FORGET TO PUT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON EVERY PIECE, OR IT WON'T BE ENTERED. NO EXCEPTIONS!

DEADLINE 31/10

NAKED LUNCH

Now here's a bumper pile of goodies for you lucky, lucky people! Thanks to First Independent films I've got a **NAKED LUNCH** hat, a **NAKED LUNCH** book and a **NAKED LUNCH** video for the first THREE lucky people to be pulled out of the sack on the deadline date. And here's your question:

Q: THE DIRECTOR OF "NAKED LUNCH" IS DAVID CRONENBERG. WHAT WAS THE TITLE OF THE I.T.V. DOCUMENTARY ABOUT HIM?

THE JITTERS

With many thanks to Richard at "Colourbox" I've got TEN copies of the latest action thriller/Chinese spooker - **THE JITTERS** to give away. It's a brand new release and all you've got to do is answer the following question to be in with a poke:

Q: "THE JITTERS" IS LIKENED TO "BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA". WHO DIRECTED "BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA"?

THE FIRST POWER

To celebrate the arrival on sell-through of **THE FIRST POWER** I'm, thanks to **BRAVEWORLD** and **WINSOR/BECK**, able to offer THREE copies of said film to you lot, so here goes with the question:

Q: JUST NAME THREE FILMS, APART FROM "THE FIRST POWER", THAT LOU DIAMOND PHILLIPS HAS APPEARED IN?

CHOPPER CHICKS IN ZOMBIETOWN

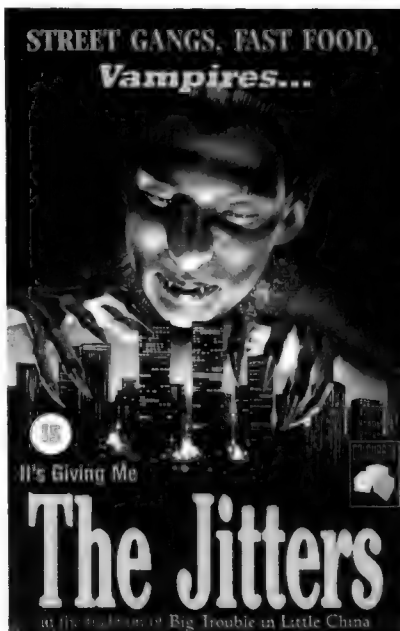
Last, but not most, I've got ONE copy of CHOPPER CHICKS IN ZOMBIETOWN to give away. It's being distributed by SIMITAR ENTERTAINMENT and will be available from 26th August. Your question is:

Q: NAME ANY TEN TROMA RELEASES?

A "Mugwump" ponders his comp' answer.



**STREET GANGS, FAST FOOD,
Vampires...**



**THE FIRST
POWER**

The Perfect One Who Cannot Be Stopped Be Warned

LOU DIAMOND PHILLIPS

MUSIC BY JAMES NEWTON HOWARD
 COSTUME DESIGNER: JANE ROBERTSON
 EDITOR: JAMES H. HARRIS
 EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: JAMES H. HARRIS, JAMES H. HARRIS
 PRODUCED BY JAMES H. HARRIS
 WRITTEN BY JAMES H. HARRIS
 DIRECTED BY JAMES H. HARRIS

IN THE BEST POSSIBLE TASTE

A LOOK AT OBSCURE "CLASSICS" OF EXPLOITATION CINEMA
BY JOHN P. DREW

Well, it's been nearly a year since Mr Franco last appeared on the pages of "IN THE BEST POSSIBLE TASTE". But, this issue he returns with vengeance. Although this won't be the last we'll see of the "Great Man", it certainly will be for the foreseeable future, as I move on to new topics and "victims".

Be sure to watch these pages for further details.

A special thank-you to, Nick Newport and of course, Steve C. for their collaboration on this article.

COUNT DRACULA.

Directed by: JESS FRANCO.

Starring: CHRISTOPHER LEE, HERBERT LOM, PAUL MULLER, KLAUS KINSKI.

I remember a few years ago, having a copy of Franco's "Count Dracula" seized by customs, who, deemed it as "obscene". Well, after such a long time, was it worth the wait? Unfortunately, the simple answer to this question is "NO!".

"Count Dracula" is apparently a literal translation of Bram Stoker's novel, but, is really no different than a million and one other Dracula movies you've probably viewed.

The main difference here is that Dracula is portrayed as an old man, with long greying hair and moustache, who grows younger as his powers increase. (Infact, by the end of the film he looks more like "Fu Manchu")! The "name" cast find it hard getting to grips with the plot and the whole sorry episode comes across as being very pedestrian. A tired looking Lee seems particularly pissed-off in the lead role. But, Kinski's manic performance as the insane, bug eating Renfield is definitely the highlight of the film.

Gore fans may enjoy a few bloody stakings during the finale, but, that's about it.

Franco made some of his best movies for Producer, Harry Alan Towers, but, "Count Dracula" is not one of them.

If you're looking for an "alternative" telling of the dracula story, checkout, Paul Naschy's inspired "Count Dracula's Great Love", or, Paul Morrissey's sex 'n' blood opus "Blood for Dracula", instead.

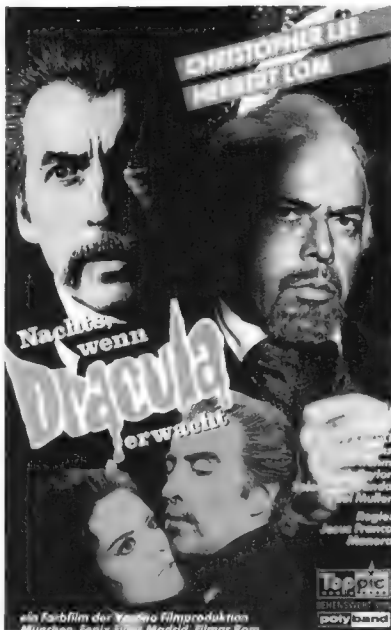
ISLAND WOMEN.

Directed by: JESS FRANCO (?)

Starring: NO CREDITS PROVIDED.

"Island Women" is released by Los Angeles based outfit, "Private Screenings". They specialise in re-titling and then re-releasing cheap, Euro, soft core porn. The films are released without credits, (obviously a deliberate ploy, to disguise their cheap origins from sceptical American audiences), hence, tracing the origin of the films in question, is made rather difficult.

"Island Women" was sold in good faith, as a Franco film, but it's authenticity could be argued.



The basic plot revolves around a dictator, of some two bit South American state, who kidnaps a horde of prostitutes to keep them out of view from a visiting U.N. envoy. The women are shipped off to a remote island prison, where they are subjected to the usual sexual abuse from the sleazy guards.

So there we have it. "Island Women" is somewhere between, "Ilsa: the Wicked Warden" and "Love Camp", but, nowhere near as entertaining as the former and not quite as bad as the latter.

A few of the cast look familiar from Franco's films, especially, Eric Falk, who repeats his role from "Ilsa: the Wicked Warden" as a cheesy guard. Infact, Falk is involved in the best moment of the film, when he gets his arse kicked by a tough female inmate, in a hilarious nude wrestling match.

"Island Women" is harmless 70's cheesecake. There's lots of ugly nudity, the obligatory shower scenes and plenty of uninspiring sexual encounters. If you're a fan of low life, sweaty, soft porn, you'll probably enjoy "Island Women", otherwise don't bother!

DER HEXENTÖTER VON BLACKMORE. (THE BLOODY JUDGE).

Directed by: J. FRANK MANERA.

Starring: CHRISTOPHER LEE, HANS HASS, MARIA ROHM, MARGARET LEE.

"Der Hexentöter", is the uncut German language version of "The Bloody Judge", which was screened on the German satellite station "SAT-1"

"Der Hexentöter" is a non-stop torture extravaganza, in the same vein as "Mark of the Devil", and just as impressive.

Surprisingly, (for a Franco film anyway), there is a vague semblance of a plot, but, unfortunately, my knowledge of the German language is non-existent!

A moody Christopher Lee, sporting a wild 60's beatnik hairstyle, is very impressive in the lead role as the mad "Hanging Judge". There is also fine support from a demented Howard Vernon, who plays the chief executioner. Dressed in a tight black catsuit and acting like a cross between Marty Feldman and the "Crimson Executioner", his over the top torturing of victims has to be seen to be believed!

The film ends with the judge getting his long-awaited comeuppance, when he is first hung by the neck, then, beheaded for good measure!

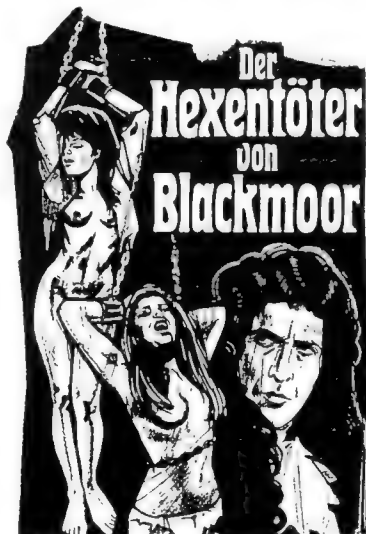
"Der Hexentöter" is the most impressive Franco film I have viewed for quite some time. The sets and costumes are fairly authentic, (except for Vernon's over exaggerated torturer's costume and Lee's hairdo!) The film is also incredibly violent with a fair amount of nudity on show. Produced by Harry Alan Towers and definitely worth tracking down.

SUCCUBUS.

Directed by: JESS FRANCO.

Starring: JANINE REYNAUD, JACK TAYLOR, HOWARD VERNON.

More arty crap from Franco's "pretentious period". Made in 1968, "Succubus" is the extremely confusing story of a nightclub performer (Reynaud), whose act consists of pretending to torture and kill a semi-naked couple who are chained up on stage. Reynaud sleeps with Franco regular Jack Taylor and has lots of surreal soft focus dreams about running around Lisbon in a flowing red robe. In one of these dreams, she meets Howard Vernon in a bar, and they play a word association game with lots of echo on their voices. When she isn't dreaming, Reynaud is either practising her stage act or hanging around with Jack Taylor and his high society friends at parties where everyone takes acid. Some geek



reads pretentious poetry; "A Spider's foot, a Toad's Belly, a Fox's Brain. Unfortunately no such animals exist..." A midget in a tuxedo dances to swinging jazz tunes while everyone else freaks out.

Reynaud and Taylor lie around naked, and occasionally take strolls around architecturally impressive buildings whilst having non-sensical conversations. Reynaud has trouble distinguishing between fantasy and reality, in case you haven't already noticed, and so any attempt at a plot goes out the window at this point. As things progress, Franco chucks in a sex scene filmed through a fish tank and a room full of shuffling mannequins.

In an incomprehensible ending, Reynaud lies naked on a couch and kills Jack Taylor as he ravishes her, and then they both drive off to some impressive looking castle. Huh? To be frank, if I may, "Succubus" is pretentious arty bollocks. Ironically "Succubus" is also one of Franco's most technically competent films; it's well made, great to look at thanks to some stunning locations and contains an impressive jazz score. Unfortunately, these factors combined aren't enough to pull "Succubus" out of the crapper. A film with no plot, bad acting, pretentious dialogue and no charm whatsoever does not add up to even a bad arthouse movie. The European version of "Succubus" ("Necronomicon") apparently contains a different, more downbeat ending, but that wouldn't make any difference. "Succubus" is overblown, pompous and a complete waste of celluloid. Sorry, but I've got no time for Franco when he's in this mood. Utter crap.

JUSTINE.

Directed by: JESS FRANCO.

Starring: ROMINA POWER, JACK PALANCE, MARIA ROHM, KLAUS KINSKI.

Based on the story by the Marquis De Sade, Franco's "Justine" is one of several filmed versions of the story,

the most infamous probably being the Joe D'Amato version that starred Koo Stark ("Randy Andy Bonks Porno Playmate" etc etc...). Made in 1968, Franco's version was produced by Harry Alan Towers, and is all the better for it.

Sisters Justine and Juliet are kicked out of their convent school when their father does a runner to avoid debts and their mother dies. With no one to turn to, the sisters must support themselves. Juliet takes refuge in a brothel but Justine, deciding that a life of vice is not for her, strikes out on her own. So, the lines are drawn: Juliet, with her life of lust and vice prospers, whilst honest and innocent Justine plunges deeper into despair and depravity.

Justine loses her money to some drunk old priest, and so she is forced to work for some crusty old inkeeper. After resisting the advances of one of the guests, Justine is accused of robbery and sent to a women's prison. After a daring jailbreak, Justine is almost raped by the henchmen of the murderer who helped her escape. Escaping their clutches, Justine takes up with a sensitive artist type until a group of soldiers looking for escaped prisoners show up. On the run again, Justine's luck gets even worse. She becomes involved in the murder of a gay nobleman's countess wife, and is branded (literally) a murderess. Justine finally finds sanctuary in an old monastery where 4 wise men, led by Jack Palance, have set up shop to study and meditate. Justine's sanctuary is short lived however, as it turns out that the wise men are really a bunch of pervs studying the pursuit of pleasure through pain.

Luckily, Justine manages to escape, only to fall again into the clutches of the murderess and her henchmen mentioned earlier. Justine is finally rescued by her sister Juliet, who has been sleeping and stealing her way to the status of a rich nobleman's



Succubus, arty crap?

mistress.

Unlike most of Franco's other films of this period, "Justine" is actually a well made and enjoyable feature. Nicely played by the cast (although Jack Palance is well over the top), attractively photographed and ably directed, "Justine" only betrays its Francoisms with a few nude scenes and the obligatory S and M overtones. Kinski pops up now and then as the Marquis De Sade, feverishly scribbling the story of Justine in his prison cell.

A real surprise, this; an enjoyable film that bears up to repeated viewings. It also has that grain of integrity that most of Franco's films lack. And besides, where else can you see an Oscar winning actor in a Franco movie?

NEXT ISSUE: DORIS WISHMAN.

Special big thanks to Jacq.

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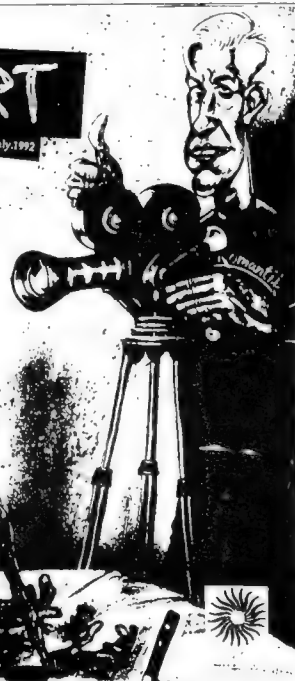
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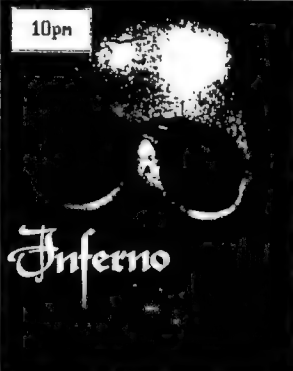
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A DEALER'S LOT PART 2 FICTION

As he stood before the mirror to button it up, his eyes went down to the new tattoo on his chest. To get a full view he took off the shirt and put it aside, and proceeded to stare at the design's reflection, once more admiring the skill of the man who'd put it there.

Despite most of the scene being in greys and various shades of such, the tattoo had a lifeness to it that Birch simply couldn't identify with. It seemed to possess a genuine depth and if he didn't know otherwise, he'd swear blind that the image seemed three dimensional, even on the relatively flat terrain of his chest. Dare he touch it?

He looked closer. Only then did he realise that something was different within the design, something barely perceptible, but nevertheless there for him to puzzle over. Was it possibly that he was now standing in a far brighter room than the shop, or maybe a trick of his memory? Either way, he felt sure the two shadows were longer than they'd appeared before.

He scrutinised this preposterous proposal closer, but no matter how he viewed it, it was there for real; they had lengthened.

He had to face it, something remarkable and confusing was occurring on his chest, and explanations weren't exactly flooding to him. But what would it mean anyway? That the two figures had moved closer to the gap?

Stupid, he thought. I just didn't notice their exact length before, or maybe some of the ink had moved in the night. But try as he might to kid himself, he knew that deep down, he was far from convinced with any logical reason he could muster. So, still glaring into the mirror, he raised his right hand to touch the trickery afoot.

Slowly, his fingertips edged their way closer. Twelve inches; now six; four; two. He paused for no reason that would spring to mind. He was going to regret this, he knew. His heart was beating one tattoo behind another, his forehead was almost running with sweat, his nerve endings shook with anxiety. Oh, he thought, what the hell...

The final gap was cancelled as he pressed all four fingertips home.

He almost jumped out of his skin, or was it the tattoo that seemed intent on doing just that?, for the whole design seemed to shimmer and vibrate almost inappreciably, but it was just enough for him to catch its motion. He was certain his eyes were being deceived, but more disturbing confirmation was on its way, because he could now feel it writhing and fidgeting within him, as though it seemed intent on escape and was already planning to further itself on the rest of his body.

He took his unbelieving stare from the mirror and onto the living picture itself. It had stopped. It's brief span of distorted animation was over, and had left a numbing pain in its wake. It wasn't particularly uncomfortable, but was just sufficient to continually remind him of its presence, and as with all

instances of pain he went to touch it, but thought better of it before doing so.

Instead he leaned on the sink and looked at his face in the mirror for a time. He found it difficult not to breath heavily and unsteadily for a few minutes, but once he'd regained some semblance of thinking, he realised the only thing to do was to get ready and go back to Milne's, not only to find out the name of the supplier and his whereabouts, but also to see about getting the tattoo removed.

And on leaving fifteen minutes later, he wasn't sure which of the two was his priority.

It was twenty minutes before nine when he arrived back at the shop, the feeling in his chest accompanying his every step. The door was again closed, but again responded to pressure, and reluctantly allowed him inside.

The interior was as unrevealing as before. It was dark, and at present could cloak an occupant from the most penetrating of eyes. He stepped to the window and tore down several handfuls of designs, small parts of which remained glued to the glass.

The room lit up but was still dead. Milne clearly wasn't here this time, but he had left the place unlocked, perhaps to allow Birch entry while he'd gone out a while. Perhaps he never locked the door overnight, for surely it would present little obstacle to any felon with his mind on its contents.

Birch sat in the chair by the window, the one Milne had sat in last night, and set about waiting. His eyes began wandering the room, not a great task for it could all be taken in with two glances, and after a time fell upon the chamber design. He raised himself from the chair and went over to it.

There was only one thing he needed to look at to confirm what he thought he'd seen that morning in the bathroom. The shadows protruding from the gap were shorter than how he'd seen them before, and he then remembered how much care Milne had taken over applying the whole thing to the chest. Surely he wouldn't have made such a glaring error? His attention to detail would have saw to it that both sets of shadows were of equal length. He had to concede that his set had grown since their union with his skin, and the reason would only come from Milne's mouth.

He went back over to the chair, sat down, and prepared himself to wait as long as need be.

He didn't recall falling asleep, but he woke some time later with the pain from his chest increasing so much it made him wince.

He again began to breath abnormally, as though his lungs had been pulled inside out. He found he was sweating profusely all over, and had begun to shake as if his insides were about to be dished up. He raised his hands and turned their palms to his face. They were clammy and were trembling almost uncontrollably. Jesus, he thought, what's happening to me?

The pain from the tattoo had escalated further still, and made him

cry out. But it wasn't only pain he felt, for there seemed to be activity again, as if the picture was again trying to gain some form of independence, and refused to remain inanimate any longer.

He worked past the pain for a moment, and managed to undo his jacket and shirt. He pulled them apart and nearly threw up at the sight of his chest, seething and living like the surface of a fleshy mud spring.

The skin was continually rippling and being coaxed and pulled by the forces from beneath. It started to split right down the centre, and set about breaking away and peeling all over, allowing his blood to spill out and form multitudes of streams which trailed to the chair seat and eventually found the floor.

His skin was being torn away in strips, and hung down at his sides like sickening ribbons, some coming completely away and falling like blooded fabric to the floor. His stomach was a red sea as he forced his eyes from the appalling sight and into the room.

The air seemed a lot thicker than it had when he'd torn down the pictures from the window, and was filled with a greyness which swirled around the shop like a wind excited duststorm. Not only that, there appeared to be lines in the choking air, describing and promising the edges of larger shapes to come. And some of the corrupt architecture was around his body, until he looked more carefully. The colours in the room were emanating from his chest, snakes of smoke-like matter curling from under the numerous flaps of his wounds and taking flight into the room.

But there did seem to be degrees of intention and design in the chaos, and even as he watched in awed confusion, forms were settling at the far end of the room, or were they?, for it seemed their distance exceeded that of the tattoo shop, which in turn appeared as if it were being imposed upon, even replaced. The shop was steadily being taken over by another enclosure, and he already knew he'd be the only thing to pass from one to the other. He turned his head to the door but it had gone, and the window by his head was fading fast.

He sensed some sort of corridor was forming around him, and he could make out a large stain on the far wall. The air still carried its confusion, but was clearing, its final touches adding clarity and texture to the walls either side of him, and it was through the wall to his right that he caught sight of a blurring face, and recognised it as Milne.

He was nearly gone as Birch struggled from the chair and over to the old man's form.

"What the hell is this?" he cried. Milne smiled. He knew that the events afoot would run their course, and that he was safe in the shop. "It's what you wanted isn't it?" he said. "To experience it yourself?"

Birch looked at the fading face. "It's the drug isn't it?" he raged. "You gave it to me in the ink didn't you?"

Milne smiled on. "There was no drug."

he said, quite plainly. "Never was one."

"But the rumours, the stories, they..."

"Just that. Rumours and stories." said Milne. "You don't need a drug for this."

Birch's eyes focused on the corridor, and finally saw that the walls around him were of bare brick, and glistened, and the stain on the far wall wasn't a stain at all. And if all this was formed by the eruption from his own chest, then that must mean.... no, no, it can't be, just can't be.

Birch turned back to Milne, who was barely there to be seen. The tattooist said nothing, but simply opened his increasingly nebulous shirt, and stayed visible long enough for Birch to glimpse his chest. It was covered in a hideously large wound, and looked like several layers of skin had been worked away for it was red raw. All around it were long scars, as if stitches had been there, but they were coarse. It there had been any stitches, they'd been simply pulled out. They extended up to his neck, to his armpits and down to his stomach.

Birch lost control and reached for Milne's throat, but his action was cut short by the sight of his hands passing through the old man's neck. Instead of pressing the breath from the tattooist, they merely came into contact with each other.

And like an exorcised ghost, Milne faded, leaving Birch alone to face whatever was due to him.

His panicked stare jumped to the far wall, which had completed itself, except for the lack of the shadows, which were still circling up against the ceiling, until they descended like diffuse doves into place.

The scene complete, he waited for a few seconds, and then felt his bowels squirm as the shadows began to move out of the gap, and the casters appeared ahead of him. They were dressed in a tight fitting, dark material, which seemed to stretch up to and even cover their faces.

Birch turned around to employ any available escape route, but there was none. There wasn't even a wall there, but the walls at either side of him just faded out into an impenetrable void. This wall wasn't on the tattoo, and so had no material with which to form itself from.

He started to take a step towards it when he felt the figures behind him. They had him, and took more than a firm grip of his arms, for their fingers seemed to break his skin, and lodge themselves inside, taking hold of his bones. He struggled but the pain was overwhelming and weakness overcame him. He was their's now, he had to accept it, and take whatever they had in mind.

Only as they hauled him back towards the gap did he realise the material of their dress. It was not material at all. They were naked, and covered in dried blood. It enveloped their bodies, even sealing shut their eyes, nose and mouth.

One of them proceeded to scrape a hand up its leg, dragging away a handful of the blood and began applying it to Birch's eyes, working it under his eyelids and around the eyeballs themselves until Birch was virtually blind.

At the same time, he sensed a separation within him, and he felt a distance away from his body. He could only vaguely feel himself being dragged into the gap, yet he could still sense the figures either side of him, their touch a ghost's touch against his skin.

He imagined himself being lifted upright and being placed inside some sort of grid, his hands and feet bound to its frame. And yet he still felt unrestrained, as though there were two of him.

There was a brief pause, and then suddenly and from all angles his body was entered and drawn apart by any number of sharp and eager tools, working their advantage about his stranded torso until he felt the top of his body begin to fall open.

The sensation of these two blind vantage points was an unsettling yet fascinating experience. He sensed he was still a part of his body, maybe linked by memory only, but at the same time was strangely removed from its ordeal, as though his inner body had sought some invaluable sanctuary just beyond the reaches of torment.

He felt as if he were now distantly linked to some vulnerable shell by a tenuous thread and that the shell was being violently breached on all sides, yet despite its plight he knew its savagers could never actually reach him. And like the most persuasive of drugs, whatever was happening to his physical self was, for now, almost secondary.

He was more than happy to accept this involuntary separation of flesh from thought, for it was a trip where that fine and elusive division was both welcome and necessary.

It was difficult for him to judge just how long he remained in that sub dream state, for it seemed no sooner had the rift taken place, he felt his surroundings shift and a feeling of being shrouded came over him, like he was enclosed in a state just large enough to accommodate his presence, like he was inside someone else's, or even worse, his own body.

It wasn't like rising from sleep. There was no single moment to define consciousness from unconsciousness, he merely had the impression that his senses had been eclipsed for a time, or had they been made more sensitive? And more like a daydream he suddenly realised where he was.

He was sitting in Milne's chair, of whom there was no sign. Birch looked down at his chest. The wound to be found there was remarkable. He should be dead, for it was fully ten inches across and six down, and looked like it had been ploughed by a manic farmer. It was coarsely textured, and appeared awful to touch. The skin which had once covered the area was mostly missing, but some remained, attached only by thin strands of themselves, asking to be cut away. And surrounding the mess were dozens of mazy scars; his repairing.

He got up from the chair and crossed to the cupboards, and following a small search he came across a pair of scissors and began to cut off the excess. Once finished, he decided he could now take what he'd initially come for.

It was Milne himself who was the supplier, and he had an abundance of his means in this very shop.

Birch opened some of the white boxes and proceeded to fill his pockets with as many of the small ink jars as he could manage.

On his way out of the shop he noticed the original design of the chamber on the wall. He looked at it for a moment, then took it down, folded it up and slipped it into his shirt pocket, which he then buttoned up, along with his jacket, to hide the violation beneath.

He stepped from the shop and into the morning, and not closing the door behind him began to walk.

He wasn't sure exactly how he could sell this, the method would need great forethought. He was certainly no tattooist, but he was certain he could come up with something, and in doing so offer his potential clients a glimpse of what they could expect, and an experience beyond any other.

(CHRIS OWEN)

PAPER & PUS CON'D....

SUBTERRENE

ISSUE #9

MARIO BAINO INTERVIEW, ORIENTAL FILMS, ICE - T, MONDO MADNESS, CUT Vs UNCUT - THE BEYOND, EL TOPO, CUSTOMS IN ACTION, COMPETITIONS, ETC...

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It's...

Competition time

MOST IMPORTANT!

AS ALWAYS, SEND EACH ENTRY ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER, BUT DON'T FORGET TO PUT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON EVERY PIECE, OR IT WON'T BE ENTERED. NO EXCEPTIONS!

DEADLINE 31/10

REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID

To coincide with the Tim Dennison interview in this issue MEDUSA have been kind enough to let me have THREE copies of REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID to give away. The easy question is as follows, why not give it a go, you never know you might win!

Q: WHO STARRED AS THE TITLE CHARACTERS IN SAM PECKINPAH'S "PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID"?

VIOLENT SHIT 2

Thanks to Steve and Andreas at "Reel Gore Productions" I've got TEN full-colour VIOLENT SHIT 2 posters to give away to you lucky people, and all you gotta do is answer the following question correctly and send it in by the deadline to be in with a chance:

Q: APART FROM THE "VIOLENT SHIT" FILMS WHAT OTHER FILM IS DIRECTED BY ANDREAS SCHNAAS?

MYSTERY ?????

I now have THREE mystery videos for you. I'm not telling what they are, but you won't be disappointed I guarantee! Intriguing stuff huh? Why not enter anyway, you never know?

Q: NAME ANY HORROR FILM WITH THE WORD "FLESH" IN THE TITLE?

Deadline: 30/9/92.

SILHOUETTE

Also on offer in this issue is the latest "erotic thriller" from 20/20 VISION. It's called SILHOUETTE and is released on 29th July. I have FIVE copies of SILHOUETTE to give away and here's your question to be in with a chance:

Q: ONE OF SILHOUETTE'S STARS IS BRION JAMES, WHAT FUTURISTIC RIDLEY SCOTT FILM DID HE ALSO STAR IN?

A "Violent Shit 2" family portrait.



BASKET CASE 3

A bucket load of thanks goes out to BRAVEWORLD and THE ASSOCIATES who've given me THREE copies of Frank Henenlotter's latest; BASKET CASE 3. It's available to rent 20th October, but if you want to own your own copy then here's the question:

Q: SIMPLY NAME THE ACTOR WHO PLAYS DUANE BRADLEY, THE MORE "NORMAL" SIAMESE TWIN?

LADY DRAGON

And another one. This time it's 20/20 that's to thank for FIVE copies of the latest Cynthia Rothrock film: LADY DRAGON, and the question that'll put you in that draw, if the answer's right that is, is below:

Q: SIMPLY NAME TWO FILMS STARRING CYNTHIA ROTHROCK, APART FROM "LADY DRAGON"?



GOAT BOY TALKS

AN INTERVIEW WITH "REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID" PRODUCER TIM DENNISON

Hitting the video shelves recently was a cult classic in the making, "REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID", a film that's been around, in rumour only, for the last two years, at least, and one that, for a change, lives up to expectations.

As promised in earlier issues I eventually caught with one of the crew from "REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID"; Tim Dennison, the producer and here's what he had to say:

Q: I KNOW YOU'RE THE PRODUCER, WHAT OTHER TALENTS DID YOU USE?

A: I play Grandad McDonald. I die in the first reel on the kitchen table. Apart from that I mucked in on everything as we were a pretty inexperienced crew and on a tight schedule.

Q: DID YOU KNOW THE DIRECTOR BEFORE? WAS IT A PROJECT YOU THOUGHT UP AMONGST YOURSELVES?

A: Well, 7 or 8 years ago I was a freelance director and I worked on "Dance With a Stranger", "The Innocents" then "The American Wave" with Dennis Hopper and "Personal Services". I met an editor called Jim Groom who had just split from his partner, and he was looking to set up again. I was getting a bit frustrated with working on other people's work, so I formed "Montage Films" 6 years ago. The idea was that we would continue in our own capacity and the money that we got in we would put into the company and develop some projects. We decided to go for 3 different genre pictures, but the scripts we were getting sent to us were either shit or O.K., but not the sort of thing we were really into. So we ended up writing our own projects, and decided to develop one called "Your Dead"; a horror picture that was written by David Read, who was to be the lighting cameraman on "Billy the Kid"...

Q: DID IT BEAR MUCH RESEMBLANCE TO "BILLY THE KID"?

A: No, it was about a kid who was confused about life and falls in love

and steals a corpse, necrophilia and all that mumbo jumbo. But the trouble was, we tried to raise £1.4 million for it, which, when you've got no track record and it's a horror picture people won't take you seriously.

Q: YOU HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE RAISING THE MONEY FOR "BILLY THE KID" ALSO DIDN'T YOU?

A: Well, when we didn't get anywhere with "Your Dead" at Cannes we decided to write an ultra-low-budget project and that was the birth of "Revenge of Billy the Kid".

Q: SO YOU ACTUALLY WROTE IT BETWEEN YOURSELVES?

A: It was myself, Jim Groom, who directed it, and Ross Smith, who ended up doing our publicity.

Q: SO HOW DID YOU GO ABOUT RAISING THE MONEY TO GET IT STARTED?

A: We thought we could do it ultra-cheap; below £100,00. The idea being we should shoot a film, purely for video, and at least we'd have a film under our belt. The funds were going to come from friends. Then time went on, the script got more "up-market", we sold the lease for our office and put the money; £50,000, towards setting the film up. We did a couple more drafts, started a schedule to shoot the whole film in 5 weeks, with a crew of around 30 people and a cast of 10/15. We went off to film, went drastically behind schedule and we went over-budget and came away totally knackered and with only 60% of the film shot.

Q: WHAT YEAR WAS ALL THIS?

A: Late 89, early 90.

We then put together a 20 minute promo, took it to Cannes and rung up people like Troma who were interested in finishing it, but in return they'd take world rights for nothing, so that was the end of that. Jim then came up with the idea of putting an ad' in Private Eye for investors and sure enough we had a phone call from a businessman from up north who said he was interested, we sent him up the



A simple country folk.

promo reel and we started talking with him. He became the executive producer and put up the rest of the money to film.

Q: HOW LONG WAS THIS FROM THE ORIGINAL IDEA?

A: The whole film took 3 years.

Q: DO YOU THINK THAT WAS BECAUSE IT WAS FILMED IN BRITAIN?

A: What you mean the British mentality?

Q: YEAH, AND THE SUBJECT IS SLIGHTLY CONTROVERSIAL FOR THE BRITISH PALATE?

A: Yes it is. And people do tend to look down on you as a couple of nasty spotty kids making a sort of "Viz" film.

Q: DO YOU FIND THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S A HORROR FILM AS WELL?

A: Yes, there is a stigma attached to horror films being cheap, tacky, stalk'n/slash shit. "Hardware" got away with it. To a certain extent it's based on the fact that the horror genre is selected by first time film-makers to make their debut, and seems not to require as much money as other genres, therefore it's the training ground, though I mean, we need as many British films as we can, so anybody doing something needs support in abundance.

Q: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY AT THE MOMENT?

A: Disastrous!

Q: CAN YOU SEE THERE BEING ANY FUTURE IN IT?

A: I think there is a sort of underground of people making low-budget things at the moment. There's a company called Stage-Screen productions who've just done "Tale Of a Vampire" which is well under a million pounds. There's a company made a thing called "The Punk" and there company's Videodrome. They raised the money via a £500,000 mortgage on their house. There's another "Leon the Pig Farmer". Chris Jones who did "The Runner", he's doing something else. So there are people doing little films, but the trouble is getting them into the international circles. We were lucky, we got involved with Medusa and we desperately wanted a theatrical release for the film. At the initial meetings they said they would give us a limited theatrical release, but that never happened.



Goat-gore-a-go-go.

Q: DID YOU HAVE ANY PROBLEMS SELLING IT IN BRITAIN?

A: We screened it in the West-End, invited all the distributors. RCA Columbia approached us and Medusa, and we went with Medusa because they've got some clout, especially on the video side of things, and they promoted it really well.

Q: IT'S HAD A LOT OF COVERAGE IN THE FANZINES, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT SIDE OF THINGS?

A: At the end of the day "Billy The Kid", dare I say it, is a specialised film and there is a certain audience. The horror genre crew. You've got to know your audience and we are supportive of them. Any magazine coverage is good for the film and eventually the wallet.

Q: HAVE YOU MANAGED TO GET ANY DEALS ABROAD YET?

A: It's sold to France, we're talking to a U.S. company, but it's not a main-stream picture so it's a case of finding a distributor who's capable of handling an "off-beat" film.

Q: THE STORYLINE IS A BIT NEAR THE KNUCKLE ISN'T IT?

A: Yeah, some would say it's a sensitive subject.

Q: DID YOU GET ANY HASSLE BECAUSE OF THAT?

A: Yes, I'm glad we did! You're making a low-budget film, we can't get your Kevin Costner's or any big name, so the theme of your film has to be the selling angle, and being horror it had to be something shocking that stuck in the mind.

Q: WHERE DID YOU GET THE ACTORS FROM?

A: We went through Spotlight, the artists magazine, and once there's a whiff of a film actors are onto you like flies on shit. We selected our actors and once we approached the agents they all said "we hope it's part of the Equity agreement?" We went to Equity and they said we must pay Equity rates etc... otherwise no way. We went to a lawyer and he advised us to deal with the actor face-to-face, tell him what you're up to, put together a contract and deal with them that way.

Q: HAVE YOU HEARD FROM ANY OF THE ACTORS SINCE THEY'VE SEEN THE FILM?

A: We keep in contact with all cast and crew. We only had one fall out. We had two Lance's, the first one wanted money when we started filming for the second time and a) we didn't have any, b) if we paid him everybody else would be eligible, so we said "sorry pal, you're going to cost us a



lot of money". But apart from that everybody else has been a pleasure to work with.

Q: SO THE ACTORS WILL GET MONEY EVENTUALLY, IF THE FILM MAKES A PROFIT?

A: Yeah, the video release, we hope, will do well, but where we're going to make some money is selling to other territories.

Q: DID YOU GO TO CANNES THIS YEAR TO PUSH IT?

A: Yeah, Movie House took a 35mm show reel and are talking to distributors from abroad at the moment.

Q: HOW DID IT GET ON WITH THE BBFC?

A: No cuts, how about that!

Q: DID YOU GET ANY FEEDBACK AT ALL FROM THE BBFC?

A: No. We originally submitted the script to them and they said that there were a couple of scenes which were sensitive but if filmed "correctly", whatever that means? Should be O.K.

Q: WHAT SORT OF AUDIENCE DO YOU THINK IT'LL APPEAL TO?

A: I think it'll appeal to the 16 to 30 bracket, if I was honest, after a few beers and a curry.

Q: SO THERE'S NO HIDDEN MEANINGS?

A: No, sorry, no social comment.

Q: SO WHAT'S THE NEXT PROJECT?

A: The next project is titled "ZOMBIE GOD SQUAD", it's to do with the Salvation Army, Hell's Angels and zombies, and is designed for a niche market.

Q: WILL IT HAVE THE SAME CREW AS "BILLY THE KID"?

A: Same director, pretty much the same crew. We're talking with Dick Miller, subject to us shooting at the right time. We're also waiting for the green light on financing.

Q: WHAT WILL MONTAGE FILMS BE USED FOR IN THE FUTURE? WILL YOU BE FINANCING OTHER PEOPLE'S FILMS?

A: In an ideal world we will make some money from "Billy the Kid" and we would like to be in the situation where we have a pool of money to jump start other projects, but it's going to take time. We're into helping out young up and coming directors 100% as long as we get some control over the distribution side.

Q: ARE YOU GOING TO STICK WITH THE HORROR GENRE?

A: We've got an action-adventure sitting here called "Slayride to Hell" which is big money, we've got a gangster film called "Snow Bird", and another that's under wraps at the moment. But at the moment we just want to get another film started.

THE REVIEW

Directed by: JIM GROOM.

Starring: MICHAEL BALFOUR, SAMANTHA PERKINS, JACKIE D. BROAD.

What we have here is good healthy dollop of old fashioned British farce, mixed with oodles of suspense and gut crunching horror.

The story is simple; man meets goat, man fucks goat, goat has mutant baby, man tries to kill mutant baby, mutant baby survives and reeks revenge on man's family. It's an old familiar story.

Played completely for laughs, the puns come fast as the farts in this classic farmyard frolic. The humour is straight out of the water closet, and hilarious. It's like "Bad Taste" meets the campfire scene from "Blazing Saddles" and "Animal Farm" in a Somerset 'U' bend.

The MacDonald family are the country folks concerned and their farm is on an island, cut off and shunned by the mainland. The daughter - Ronald (all the kids are called Ronald, get it, Ronald MacDonald?) takes all the produce to the mainland and has fallen for a boy there, but before they can run away together the "thing" takes matters into its own hands and the MacDonald family have a problem - staying alive!

"It's out there, it's hungry and it's coming this way" classic stuff indeed!

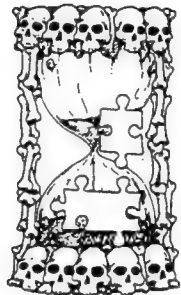
The British film industry will never die if it keeps coming up with stuff like this. Let's hope the rest of the world see the funny side, I've a uneasy feeling that "REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID" is a little bit too British, it'll lose something in the translation maybe, let's hope not huh?

See this at any cost, but keep an open mind!

THE FILM: ****

THE GORE: ***





THE MISSING MINUTES

HELLRAISER

Only one scene is trimmed in the U.K. version of "HELLRAISER", as follows:

The first murder Julia commits in the loft you see more of the hammer hits and you hear the words "please, please" from her victim as he falls to his knees.

HELLBOUND

This is a bit more complicated. The Japanese version has only one extra scene that lasts slightly more than a minute, but because of the slower running speed of NTSC compared to PAL it makes the film seem just less than 10 minutes longer than the Dutch version. The extra scene is:

Whilst running through the "hell-maze" Kirsty comes across a wallpapered room with a French-dresser in it. On the dresser are several framed photographs, one is Kirsty's mother. As Kirsty picks up a photo they all start to bleed and the dresser falls over. Cock-roaches flow out of every draw and blood gushes.

As for the U.K. video print there's slightly more missing when compared to the Dutch version, as you'd imagine:

In the opening sequence of Doug Bradley (Pinhead) working out the puzzle-box in human form hooks shoot from the box, the U.K. print has 2 bare flesh cutting hooks missing, only the ones through clothes are seen. In Pinhead's creation scene we don't see the knife cutting his scalp, most of the pins being put in position and any of the hammering home of the pins.

On the mattress in the doctor's basement all the razor-cuts by the maggot-covered nutter are missing as



Frank 1.



Frank 2.

is most of the nutter's attempts to escape Julia by dragging her towards the window. Also Julia plunges her hand into the poor guy's neck and drinks his blood/soul from the hole, this is missing completely. When Julia climbs back onto the blooded mattress she writhes and moans a lot longer.

During a dream/flash back sequence just before the doctor is cenobitised there's a flash of flesh-slicing that's missing. Also during his cenobitism a cheese-wire type device is pulled across his face, the wire cutting his throat and face are missing, as is the insertion of a drill thing (?) into his mouth and the injector unit sucking out blood.

Kirsty visits Frank in his hell, the first writhing body to appear from the wall, with the sheets on, is not shown....God knows why? Another set of writhing bodies, this time with the sheets soaked in blood, some of the shot is removed (shorter). Frank tears the skin off his neck in the fire, same scene, this is not shown. Also when Julia rips out Frank's heart we don't see her hand entering the back of his body.

The recently converted doctor visits his old patients, who are playing with puzzle boxes. The man he visits gets 3 tentacle knives in his head and we see his severed hand hit the floor, this is missing completely.

Possibly the weirdest bit of censorshit is when the cenobites are killed by the doctor cenobite. The order of killing is changed; instead of female cenobite followed by fat one, it's the other way around and

you don't see the spear go through the woman's neck. You don't see Pinhead's throat sliced and in the uncut version he gulps several times before falling to the floor; removed in U.K. version as is a zoom-in on his severed throat.

When the doctor cenobite has the top of his head removed we don't see it detach on the U.K. version nor do we see the "worm" thing carrying his head from the jaw up, dangling.

As you can see the good old BBFC had a field-day on HELLRAISER II: HELLBOUND. Can't say I'm really surprised I didn't expect any better from them. The "uncut" version is a classic! The "cut" version is still a classic, but floored by the censor's knife, why oh why?!

NEXT ISSUE: "THE PUNISHER" and, if there's room, "RE-ANIMATOR". Until then keep watching them untouched nasty bits.



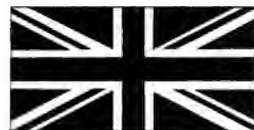
Cenobites 4.



Kirsty O.

CENSORSHIT

around the world



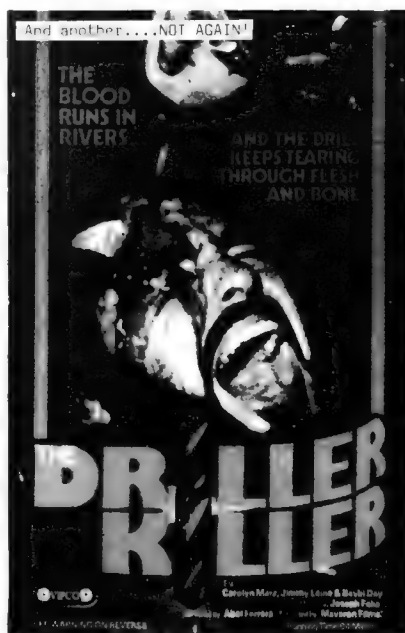
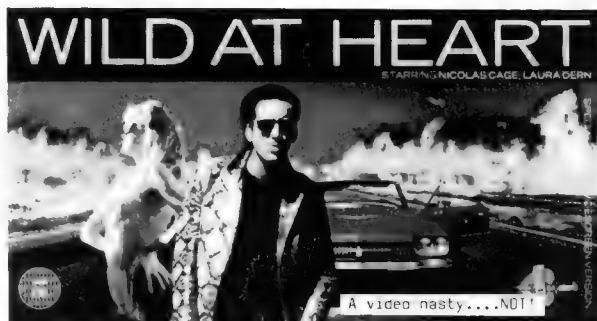
BIG BROTHER!

BY JOHN HILL

On Thursday the 7th of May 1992, Trading Standards officials from Merseyside in conjunction with several police forces across the country organised a nationwide seizure of "sick torture and autopsy videos." Eleven individuals were taken into custody from various locations, for questioning. Homes were raided and "several thousand tapes" and duplicating equipment was confiscated.

These are the hard facts, now let's dig deeper and examine the evidence. Initial media reports (firstly on the radio, then national television news, then newspapers) were alarmingly sensationalist, granted we all expect such behaviour from the tabloid press, but T.V. and radio? For example, all initial reports stated the thousands of films seized were all sick torture films, some detailing real autopsies, and perhaps even snuff movies. Television news coverage contained an interview with the Liverpool Trading Standards official who had organised the campaign (whose name escapes me), but he later reflected "the films are mainly horror films of the worst kind imaginable, containing torture and even cannibalism!" As the day went on broadcasts did become less hyped, but the ongoing impression given was that all these films were real-life snuff films. Later in the day T.V. news showed a stockpile of seized cassettes and at we could see what dreadful underground depravity had been dug up by the officials. The evidence was bleak, no real-life snuff movies as stated; I could see no true-life autopsy titles, all we had were the regular uncut horror fare ("CANNIBAL FEROX", "ANTHROPOPHAGUS BEAST", which ironically enough, though deemed so obscene it had to be raided from private addresses, the B.B.C. weren't too alarmed at broadcasting a clip from it into every home in the nation!) and such outrageously offensive, mind-warping nasties as: "NIGHTBREED" (must be in every video shop in the country!); "THE THING" (been on T.V. at least twice!); "WILD AT HEART" (Er, won the best film prize at Cannes a couple of years ago guys?); "THE KILLER" (available on rental and sell-thru from Palace); "DEAD AND BURIED" (on the sell thru shelf of Woolworths or W.H. Smiths for about a fiver!) and last, least and most pathetic "STRANGE INVADERS", which apart from the fact it's been on T.V. has a 'P.G.' certificate for fucks sake!!!!

Right, now the majority of those stated above were pirate copies, which granted, is a criminal offence,



breaking film distributors imposed copyright laws, but let's not be naive here, I doubt if there is a horror fan in the country who hasn't owned a pirate copy of a favourite film at some point or another. And let's face facts, if you tape "TOP GUN" or a "James Bond" movie, or hell even "Eastenders" (God forbid) off the T.V. (or for arguments sake any number of recent films off satellite) then you are breaking the very same copyright laws. Same too goes for taping the top 40 off radio (though why anyone would want to is beyond me!). Now, you may say that having a pirate copy of "DRILLER KILLER" is worse than an off-air copy of

"BATMAN" for instance, but in the rule of the law, it should not be, it should be one law for all, not different laws for those who want to interpret it to suit themselves. So what exactly did the authorities take most offence at, well it's not too clear, certainly their claims of supposed true-life torture/snuff films seems to have been unfounded. Let's be frank here, do snuff movies exist? Yes/No, I'm not sure, I mean if you killed someone in real-life would you publicise it by filming it in front of a film crew and giving it nation-wide distribution? I think not. As to true-life autopsy films and the like, this is of course referring to the mondo school of gore shockumentaries as typified by the "FACES OF DEATH" series, these films may about as tasteless as chewing cardboard when you've got a cold, but they only contain newsreel footage (and some quite laughable, staged and obviously fake segments), perhaps fairly graphic, but nevertheless newsreel footage. Yes, such films may contain real people, really dead, and though I don't want to be seen jumping to their defence, I'm no fan of the sub-genre, it is true that every night on the T.V. news you will see real people, really dead. Whether it be through famine, war (often gloatingly glorified here, especially in the case of the Gulf War, where thousands suffered in the name of conglomerate greed!) natural disaster or air-crashes and so on.

The official who masterminded the crackdown was quoted as saying "the people who watch and enjoy such material, should really question their sanity." Channel 4 news in the evening then added insult to injury by getting some female psychiatrist to rant on about the diseased minds who watch such material, and she even linked it to sexual gratification! This was, of course, thoroughly laughable. As to why people watch

horror movies, well I could go on forever, there have been numerous documentaries, books, articles on the subject, but I think the main reason is that they are purely escapist entertainment. As to the reason people watch sicker films, and the mondo documentaries, this I suppose is thoroughly curiosity, we all have it in us, some more than others, it's the same people slowing down to look at a road accident, and it is such curiosity that I.V. news panders to by showing death and suffering, because they know all too well such footage will attract viewers. I'm not saying such behaviour is good or bad, but at least I'll admit it exists and anyone who says they aren't affected in that way is a liar, it is quite simply an inbred feature of human nature. And what's all this shit about sexual gratification, there are a lot of sick fuckers out there, but I doubt if any are as sick as that psychiatrist if she's the one linking horror and hard-ons, obviously she values her opinion a lot more than I do. While on the subject, supposing someone, unlikely as it may seem, did get aroused by a horror film, surely it's better for him to be in front of the T.V. tossing off, than out on the street committing rape or similar? Anyway before I get too side-tracked, we're back to the old favourite of does watching constant sadism and torture create a sadist and torturer? Obviously not, this is a sadly weak argument which has never been justified, I mean if this was so, surely after all the depravity Mary Whitehouse has watched on our behalf over the years she should now be Britain's top serial killer. Horror fans are on the whole some of the nicest people you'll come across, go to any convention, or film festival and you won't get your throat slit, or be buggered in the toilets, they are not rampant psychotics passing time before a murder spree, they are not overtly violent, they are not warped, their sanity should not be questioned, not even by the Liverpool Trading Standards office. You will much more likely run into violent

individuals out for blood on your local football ground terraces or outside your local nightclub on a Saturday night, this crap about horror fans being sick psychotics is a myth and an increasingly tired one.

Which brings us right back to where we were ten years ago, films being seized, individuals being prosecuted, the same sorry farce. If such material wasn't banned in the first place, there wouldn't be an underground market for it, the majority of films seized would have disappeared into total obscurity, and none of the current fiasco would have been necessary. Instead the authorities have wasted six months worth of tax payers money (that's you and me) for what? They say they've cracked a nationwide ring, yeah right, like eleven people is the sum total of horror fans in the world, try putting quite a few zeros on the end of that total guys! The simple solution would have been to have set up specialist shops (like where legally obtainable porn can be purchased) stocking films of a violent nature, these could have controlled the flow of material much more, and voila, no need for this whole underground market which exists, and no need for these outrageous witch-hunts. The penalty for supplying uncertified films is allegedly up to £20,000 per tape and/or five years in prison. Perhaps instead of watching murder, we should go out and commit it (the penalty would appear to be more leanant!) Only joking! Seriously though, this is terribly alarming, I mean who is to say where the line is to be drawn, the police would appear to have unlimited powers in such matters, and as has been proven in the past, as here, their knowledge of such material is somewhat limited shall we say, such blind ignorance could cause all manner of problems. Who's to say it won't crossover to publications such as this? Now even after this long rant, I must admit I don't know the true 100% facts here. Whether the eleven

individuals arrested were swapping films, or selling for profit or what I don't know. But considering one of those detained was reported to be only twelve years old, they don't appear to be major international suppliers, moreover standard fans such as you and I. It is not clear yet as I write as to the fate of those arrested, the penalties available are immense, and it is also uncertain whether this was merely the first wave of seizures. Certain lessons can however be learnt from this. Firstly, to sell pirate copies of any film (whether it be zombie cannibal chainsaw snuff death massacre the movie or "BAMBI") is quite frankly stupid, even more so in this climate. Similarly, to swap films, even between fellow horror fans is fraught with danger (the authorities behind these raids supposedly posed as collectors and allegedly advertised for fans to swap with in small ad columns in mag's such as this!). It is not illegal to collect pre-recorded tapes with or without certificate, or supposedly not, although on the I.V. reports police did indeed seize such material, whether they can legally do this is another matter. To go into film swaps or dealings with blind ignorance is foolish, great care should be taken at all times. And even though I'm not involved in such dealings, I'm not stupid enough to think eleven arrests will shut down the whole underground market, it will simply become more security conscious, in effect, more underground, and by that very nature, more illegal than ever. It's all one big snowball effect, we'll just have to wait and see if the thaw sets in or whether it keeps rolling to who knows what conclusion.

Big brother it seems is back with us, so I'll just warn you:- "Hey, let's be careful out there!"

P.S. If anyone out there has any further information about the legal implications, or the outcome of possible prosecution of those involved please send it to your editor.

THE CHAINSAW MAN

CREATED BY JOHN SIMPSON 1970.



B I Z A R R E R I E !

So, where have you guys been since last we met? I can't be certain but I'd be willing to lay money on me having been a bit further round the world than most of you. Like half way.

And indeed, if you travel half way round the world, you get to New Zealand - home country of the lovely Peter Jackson. So, being a bona fide journalist on the hunt of a good story what do you do then? Make a few enquiries, pick-up the phone, and ask to speak to Peter. It's the only way to get a good interview these days.

Mr Jackson has just finished his third feature, *Brain Dead*, which was premiered at the Cannes film festival (which reminds me - I must get my movie news together for the next issue). Of course you know this, having read the *Samhain* and *Shivers* pieces on the film. But what you probably didn't know is that the authors of those pieces, having read them quite closely, had not actually seen the film about which they were writing.

Now that's fine and standard journalistic procedure. After all how many reviews of *Naked Lunch* did you read that called the book "unfilmable"? Yeah, all of them right. And how many of those film reviewers do you suppose have actually read the book. Like very, very few. I mean if it is such a difficult book to read I can't see your average James Herbert fan lining up can you? Sorry, I digress. Sometimes I wonder how I've got any chest left I get so much off it in these pages. Back to *Brain Dead*.

So, having interviewed the lovely Peter Jackson it was only right I get to see the film. Lucky that the very week I got back to the U.K., there's the first ever distributor's screening of the film in deepest soho. There I met IFF editor Steve and his charming wife. (What about me then, aren't I charming?...ED!)

I mention all this for two reasons. First, to get you jealous and give you a brief insight into the glamorous world of the media, and second so you know that, no matter what anyone claims in the future, I was there first seeing *Brain Dead*.

Sad that both Steve and I have been sworn to secrecy about *Brain Dead* this issue while the film finds a distributor. Because it is without doubt the most entertainingly gory film you are ever likely to see and fans of *Evil Dead 2* and *Re-animator* will probably come in their pants while watching. It is quite, quite magnificent.

Anyway, back in New Zealand, I did the time-honoured trapeze around the video shop and found out an interesting piece of gossip. Apparently Peter Jackson was discovered having sex with Heidi in a broom cupboard while filming *Meet The Feebles*... Errr... No, perhaps not. No, the real news as told by Brendan Gardiner of the Video Ezy store in Auckland is that Peter Jackson is having legal problems with *Brain Dead*.

There is a scene in the film set in a graveyard. Strange for a zombie film I know but true nonetheless. During various acts of bodily dismemberment

some gravestones and names are clearly visible. Since this was shot on location, the gravestones and names actually exist, and have surviving relatives who are none too pleased that their dear departed loved ones are on show in such a film.

Consequently they are trying to get the scenes removed. It will be a shame if they are successful because the scenes in question are real corks. But, because we who have seen the film are all sworn to secrecy, I can't tell you why.

Doing the old video guide bit quickly, the sell-thru market in New Zealand is pretty hopeless with no big stores and nothing you couldn't get cheaper here, which is a real shame because they use standard PAL television as we do and you could get really stocked up.

The video rental stores don't fare much better. Smaller ones are stocked with the mainstream titles and nothing else while the larger ones carry three copies of all the mainstream titles.

The aforementioned Video Ezy also carried a few trusty banned titles but I gave up getting excited over seeing *Zombie Flesh Eaters* on the shelves a long time ago. Doubtless so now that it has been re-issued by VPCD. (I mean, it is still a great film, but let's face it we've all seen it so many times.)

It is actually quite depressing how homogenous the world of cinema and video is getting these days. In my job (travel journalist - it's a long and fruitful story that started in 1985 with letters in *Video magazine*) I get to see a lot of the world and having an interest in things filmatic I like to see what's on and how it's presented.

In New Zealand, for instance, I went to see *The Hand that Rocks the Cradle*, the latest in the long line of formula Hollywood shockers that inexplicably attracts mainstream attention. Following routine dross *Silence of the Lambs* and the even-worse *Cape Fear*, what I want to know is how come these films, which use scare techniques and devices we fans have been watching for years in Friday 13th films and the like, how come these films have so much exposure? I'm not saying they are bad films, just very, very derivative of the films we have loved over the years. Point about the paragraph: In New Zealand they have an intermission in the film. Something which shows near-Neanderthal intelligence.

Elsewhere, in Taipei, capital of Taiwan, I sat back to enjoy *Bugsy* in a packed cinema on a Sunday morning at ten o'clock. (I watched in bed in a 5 star hotel in San Francisco, "pay to view"...ED!) Suddenly, the lights went down, and instead of settling back in their seats everyone leapt to their feet and stood silently as the national anthem was played accompanied by pictures of birds and trees, meadows and rivers (like a Labour party election broadcast). Once over, it was business as usual.

In Budapest, Hungary, our guide told me, as we went past a cinema neatly

covered in Addams Family decoration, that U.S. films had always been the most popular, even in the bad old communist days. Films, he said, were never cut.

I'll stop our whirlwind tour of the world here because I think the point has been made. It doesn't matter where you go these days. Which culture you visit, what race you meet. The world's cinema audience is forsaking all other nationalities for mainstream American films.

In the U.K. we have the thin excuse of language (though I hope you all went to see the marvellous *Delicatessen*). But it is sad in other countries where no matter what the original language the film has to be either dubbed or subtitled.

Then again, at least I can still go to the cinema abroad and get the jokes before the locals have had time to read the caption, but that is probably not the point.

Meanwhile, back in the good old U.K., we are again witness to truth following fiction. As prophesied in this column barely two issues ago, we have seen both an *Elm St* film and a Friday 13th film (number 6 if anyone is counting) on terrestrial television. Indeed the world is getting a cheerier place, but get this: in issue number 9 when I talked about some of our more notorious horror films getting a T.V. showing, I was joking. It was intended to be a laugh, I didn't expect the programming bosses to take the suggestions so completely to heart. But obviously I am very glad, and indeed flattered, that they should do so.

Rather less heartwarming is the response to the plea I made to you lot for Nick Alexander films. I mean, do you think I write this rubbish for fun or what? This column, read by perhaps as many as 10,000 people. That's 10,000 people each with access to a whole range of weird and obscure films. And how many could be bothered to get off their fat arses and take a look at the credits of a few manky old Italian horror films for the revered name of sound engineer extraordinaire Mr Alexander? One.

Yes, one.

So thank you Rod Greenhill of Leicester, who writes: "firstly, let me say your column is great - keep it up. Right this guy Nick Alexander. I too have noticed his name on quite a few horror flicks. I reckon this man has been going longer than 20 years. Here are some other titles to his credit - *Terror Express*, *Deep River Savages*, *Contamination*, *Cannibal Apocalypse*, *Hitchhike*, *The Church*. I've probably got loads more, but a lot of my Italian stuff just closes abruptly with "The End", I suppose to save embarrassment. Anyway I hope this little input helps, hope you get a lot more."

Hope indeed is something we all like to live with but it appears not many of you have. So come on see if you can do a bit better and let me have something interesting to write about next issue rather than taking up column inches by simply repeating badly constructed readers letters.

Onto this issue's film. I promised something you could find in the video shops so I hope I've chosen something not too many of you have seen. There are, after all, a lot of films that get continually passed over in the hunt for decent Friday night viewing and this, I guess, is one of them. God knows I've put it back on the shelves enough times before picking something that hints of quality. So, in an attempt to save you £2, here's the low-down on Entertainment in Video's - "MOM".

I have chosen this film because the basic story is very similar to Brain Dead - that of a young man desperately trying to protect and cover-up for his mother who has turned into one of the undead. There, though, the similarities end because where Brain Dead is inventive, fast-paced and funny, Mom is tired, excruciatingly slow and far too serious.

The film starts at night somewhere deep in the U.S. countryside. A woman sparks up conversation with a shifty-looking man while they wait for a bus. It is Christmas Eve and she offers him a drink. As he advances, his face changes into the recognisable features of a vampire. Needless to say, the woman doesn't last long. Cue credits.

It's Christmas day and Emily, the Mom of the title, is watching a T.V. news story telling of the discovery of a woman's mutilated body - the third such killing. We are informed that all women had been pregnant and the babies were ripped out, a charming detail.

Confusingly, Mom smiles at this and looks on proudly. It takes a while to realise that she is not some ghoul who finds stories like this amusing, but she is in fact the mother of the T.V. journalist, who has the stupid name; Clay.

Clay and live-in girlfriend Alice come over to trade gifts. They announce Alice a pregnant (remember that bit about the babies - nothing in films is wasted). Mom says she is going to rent out the spare room and sure enough, barely before she can get the advert in the window, the shifty-looking man turns up on her doorstep pretending to be blind.

For some reason, despite his appearance and the fact he has no bags, Mom lets him in and gives him the room. He says his name is Nestor and speaks

with a voice like gravel that becomes rapidly irritating.

Mom makes the mistake of preparing him a home-cooked meal which he rejects, fancying a bit of Mom's shoulder instead. A brief romp later, we are supposed to assume Mom is dead. Nestor is next seen luring the electricity man into the house.

Clay visits his Mom and discovers her ill in bed, being looked after by Nestor. Finding all this rather suspicious, Clay follows Nestor and Mom that evening to witness the killing and eating of a tramp. He rushes up in his campervan and orders Mom to get in before driving her home demanding an explanation. Needless to say, he doesn't like it.

Nestor arrives home and has an argument with Clay who wants to know exactly what has happened to his mother. "Vampire, werewolf, ghoul - it's all the same," says Nestor before being skewered through the heart with, I think, knitting needles. He doesn't die though, and rises to attack Clay once again, in the kitchen. Here, Clay turns on the gas and sets fire to the vampire's hand. As the flames quickly engulf Nestor's body and he turns into dust, Mom says pragmatically: "So much for immortality."

With Nestor gone, there is only Mom left, and you think that maybe the film will get going now that the title creature has been set up. But no. The movie just plods on. Clay locks Mom in her room when he goes to work, coincidentally presenting reports on the murdered women and tramps, but she escapes out the window and goes hunting on skid row.

The police, meanwhile, have put an undercover cop on the streets to see if he can find and trap the mad killer. He does find her, but Mom's super-human strength leads to a rooftop battle from which the policeman falls to his death. Clay, who has been out looking for Mom, is discovered by the cop's body but is let off because the police know he's a journalist - you see, we all get away with murder.

Back home, Clay argues with Mom that she can't go round killing policemen, and he gets the workmen in to put bars on her windows. At this point, the single entertaining moment in the whole film takes place. The workman falls off his ladder and stabs his arm with the drill. He pulls it out

and, for a good two seconds, we see blood spurting. That's it.

Clay then discovers the electricity man's body in the garden, which makes him even more mad with Mom. Alice arrives and Clay sees Mom eyeing the unborn baby, but Mom ridicules: "That was Nestor's perversion, not mine." The stress of covering up for his Mom starts to show on Clay. He turns to drink, gets fired from work and Alice throws him out of their house. Even though he is opposed to what his Mom does, Clay goes out and picks up a huge-titted whore for Mom to eat. Clay's sister, Carla, turns up and Mom kills her which really sends Clay over the edge.

He ties Mom to the bed as she gets more and more desperate for raw flesh. Then the police, investigating the whore's death, turn up at the house with Alice for the grand finale.

They discover Mom, all tied up, and let her loose. In the fight that follows, Clay is thrown out of the upstairs window. Mom advances on Alice (and the baby). Then the next we see she walks down the stairs with a blood-stained face, turns on the gas in the kitchen and burns herself.

Clay rushes in, to see.. No, Alice's baby hasn't been ripped out after all. Mom had killed a policeman. Alice, Clay and baby live happily ever after.

The film fails because it breaks the golden rule of horror - it is boring. Films can be badly acted, have terrible scripts or appalling effects and still be entertaining (see any H.G. Lewis film). The acting in Mom is okay, the script passable, and the few effects (mostly fixed vampire faces) reasonable, but the direction makes no attempt to build up scares or shocks. Things simply happen in front of the camera.

About half-way through you realise that what little music there is, is not used to punctuate the action and no attempt at all is made to titillate the emotions. So Mom joins the long line of movies under the heading: "How the fuck did they get the financing for it."

That's all for this issue. Remember to get those Nick Alexander film flooding in. See you next time.

(RICHARD GRIFFITHS)

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DEADLINE 31/10

XTRO 2

Once again thanks to FIRST INDEPENDENT I've got **THREE** copies of XTRO II for you smashing people to have a go at winning, and all you've got to do is answer the following question correctly to have a chance, go on give it a go!:

Q: ONE OF THE STARS OF "XTRO II" IS JAN-MICHAEL VINCENT. WHAT SERIES ABOUT A HI-TECH HELICOPTER DID HE ALSO STAR IN?



Continuing their momentous comeback to the video-scene I've got **SIX** more sets of new VIPCO releases. Each set comprises a copy of; ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS, THE SLAYER and SHOGUN ASSASSIN, and here's the question that'll get you in that hat... if you answer it right that is...:

Q: ONLY ONE TOBE HOOPER FILM WAS EVER RELEASED ON VIPCO, WHICH ONE?

SHAKMA

Once again thanks to 20/20 VISION I've got **TWO** copies of a new thriller; SHAKMA to give away. In order to have a chance winning one, answer the following question:

Q: WHAT WES CRAVEN FILM DID "SHAKMA" STAR AMANDA WYSS STAR IN?

BASIC DECEPTION

This time it's COLUMBIA TRISTAR to thank for BASIC DECEPTION, a new thriller, and I've got **TWO** copies to offer you lucky people. The question is as follows:

Q: SIMPLY NAME TWO FILMS, APART FROM "BASIC DECEPTION", THAT ALSO STAR MIMI ROGERS?

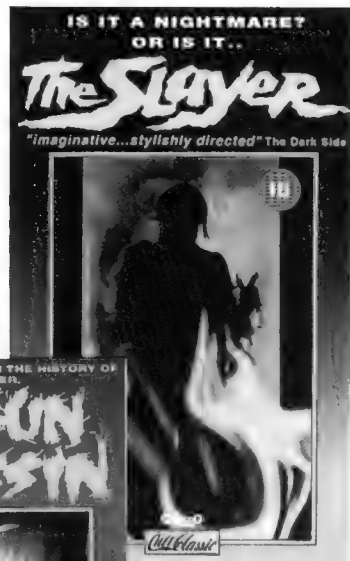
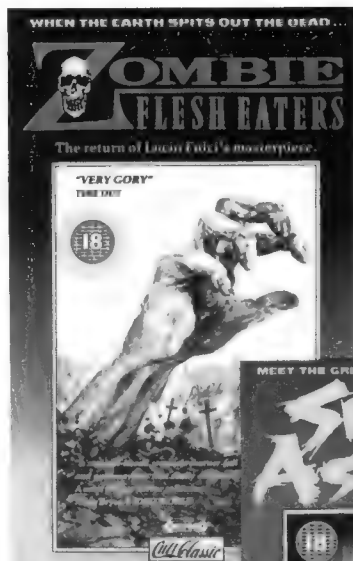
TERMINATOR 2

RICHARD HORTON, PLYMOUTH. A. LEWIS, DAVENTRY. G. CLENNELL, Co DURHAM.

NEKROMANTIK 2

A. CAWOOD, LEEDS. MARIOS CHIRTOU, LONDON. KRIS TAYLOR, OLDHAM.

ANSWER: MANFRED O. JELINSKI.



GOLDEN YEARS

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ANSWER: BRIAN YUZNA.

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PUPPET MASTER 3

D. BALDOCK, LONDON. S. COLLET, LANCS. M. WRIGHT, SURREY.

ANSWER: STUART GORDON.

THE LIGHTNING INCIDENT

M. RUSSELL, WILTS. J. SONNY, CHIPPENHAM. P. FLANAGAN, NEWCASTLE.

ANSWER: JOHN WATERS.

WRITER'S BLOCK

R. AUTY, BERKSHIRE. G. GLOVER, LEICESTER. J. SMITH, ESSEX.

ANSWER: MICHAEL PRAED + JASON CONNERY
TRICK QUESTION!

HOME MADE HORROR!

PAURA IL DIAVOLO

Written, produced and directed by:
DARREN WARD.

Starring: PAUL PAVEY, MARK TYRRELL,
ANDY TILLEY, TERRY WARD, TERESA WARD,
WILLIAM MILLER & DARREN WARD.

Slightly off-putting to see the cover in, mostly, Italian "Giallo Films Presenta", why do horror fans think everything must be Italian to be good? Even the opening credits are in Italian....anyway I digress, it's neither here nor there really, and I suspect is an "in" joke anyway?

Onto the film; the first thing you notice is the fact that "PAURA IL DIAVOLO" ("Fear the Evil"), is letterboxed, a little touch that adds to the professional look of it and helps to disguise the fact that it's filmed on video.

As for the story; well, it concerns the contents of a sack a guy finds in his garden. In there is a note from a archaeologist who tells a story of evil Italian spirits brought over to Britain and blessed to keep the demons sealed in the bag. He also warns the finder of the sack to never look into it! This, of course, being a horror film the finder immediately does and later that night starts a horrific transformation into a demonic being.

"PAURA IL DIAVOLO" took a year to make; 9 months filming and 3 more editing and scoring. It was originally intended as a 10 minute short for the 1992 Amateur Film Competition and ended up as the 42 minute film I was sent. Meant as "a statement against censorship and hopefully entertaining at the same time. It's a film horror and gore fans can relate to in context of violence and fun" according to Darren, all of which it achieves and more! "PAURA IL DIAVOLO" is a very competent little film with some great touches and obvious skill. It's slightly derogative of various film makers, mostly Mr Argento, but nothing is new.

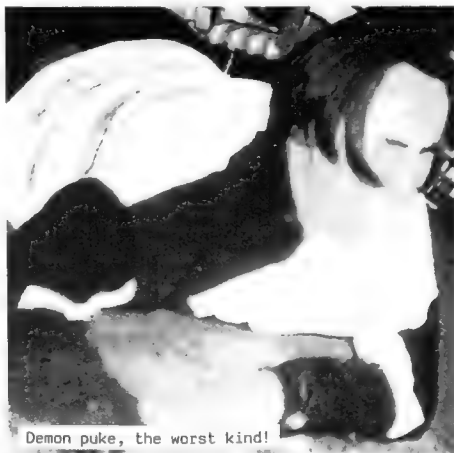
Meanwhile back in the Demon household, everyone who comes to visit our possessed friend meets a different sticky end; one guy has his chest explode, another is stabbed to death, only to rise again and be killed twice. The effects are basic, but effective, helped immensely by the inventive camera-work. The acting is what you'd expect as I doubt anyone was payed and, judging by the credit list, were mostly related to the director?

Most of these home-made efforts are, to say the least a chore to watch, but this is one of the very few exceptions. It shows great talent and should act as a stepping stone for greater things. It's by no means perfect, but for the budget and expertise available it's not far off. I really hope to hear more of Darren ward in future.

If you want to purchase a copy of "PAURA IL DIAVOLO" then send a cheque for £12.00 per copy (inc P+P) to:

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"... a cross between Eraserhead, Nekromantik and
Tetsuo..." - Spencer Hickman, Nothing Shocking
independent horror festival

A FILM BY
DAMON BARR

AND

MARIE-ANNE FERRAL

FILM, VIDEO & TELEVISION

R E V I E W S

CORPSE FUCKING ART

Directed by: JORG BUTTGEREIT.
Starring: MONIKA M., MARK REEDER,
DAKTARI LORENZ, BEATRICE M.

Appearing as part of the excellent minifest - "FILM EXTREMES 2", the best part of "CORPSE FUCKING ART" is without a doubt the last 30 seconds.. Why? Simple, cos I'm in there! Yes, it's blow my own trumpet time! My small, but perfectly formed, part was a momentous piece of cinema history, a slice of celluloid magic that'll live on through generations of cinema goers yet to come.....NOT, NOT, NOT!! All I can say is I didn't look too much of a geek....I hope? As for the film, it's everything you ever wanted to know about the making of "NEKROMANTIK", "DER TODESKING" and "NEKROMANTIK II", but were afraid to ask. Well now you'll not need to be afraid, you'll just have to speak German! Yes, it's all in German, with no subtitles. Luckily we had Mr Butt' to explain everything as it went along though, a benefit not available with the video, unfortunately, well, not yet anyway!

It starts with the making of the corpse for "NEKROMANTIK" and stays on that road of sickness and perversion, until the present day, showing every part of production, successes and failures, the shots that fell into place and the ones that took 20 or 30 goes to get right (like sucking the eyeball out of the stiff in "NEKRO")

So innocent looking in B+W!



it shows the effects being done on a shoe-string, the dreadful acting of the cemetery gardener in "NEKRO", the failed and successful camera angles on the suicide bridge of "TODESKING", Mark Reeder's Butt, at great length, hanging from the ceiling in "NEKRO 2", many uses of scrambled egg and syrup, the problems of doing full body casts and the use and smell of maggots when used in the "TODESKING" rotting corpse - thank God they don't supply a "scratch-and-sniff" card with this film. In short; if you enjoyed all, or any, of Jorg Buttgerit's films then this is for you. Most of it makes sense, even without sub's, so don't let that put you off. Also I'm only in it for less than 30 seconds so don't let that put you off either.

See the advert in this issue for details how to get "C.F.A.".

THE FILM: ***
THE GORE: ****

BASKET CASE 3

Directed by: FRANK HENENLOTTER.
Starring: KEVIN VANHENTENRYCK, ANNIE ROSS, GILBERT ROPER.

Belial's back along with brother Duane (who's now completely crazy) girlfriend Eve, twelve kids, Granny Ruth and an assortment of other freaks. Frank Henenlotter continues his hilarious series with another highly entertaining dose of jet black comedy. Although, sadly, the bloodletting is diminishing the twisted humour is ever present.

After Eve has given birth to twelve mutant babies (one of the film's grosser scenes) she is shot dead by a couple of police officers. With the assistance of Granny Ruth's very deformed son, Belial has a Robocop/Aliens type body, complete with furry dice, created with which to exact his revenge.

Memorable scenes include the police station massacre featuring gratuitous face ripping and baby squashing; the revelation of Granny Ruth's monstrous son; and the babies getting their first taste of face ripping leading Duane to comment "this is going to be one hell of a family."

THE FILM: ****
THE GORE: **

DEAD BEAT 1

Written, Produced and Directed by: ANTHONY C. FERRANTE & ROD REED.

What we have here Ladies and Gentlemen is the start of a series of very well put together, professional looking and extremely interesting video magazines. From the grainy, but



effective, black and white opening title sequence you know that you're dealing with fans who aren't content with putting out an amateur effort, and so they don't.

This first volume includes a "Phantasm" tribute, including interviews with Angus Scrimm, (The Tall Man), Reggie Bannister (The Bald Man), James Le Gros and Paula Irvine (both from "Phantasm II") and F.X. artist Mark Shostrom. It also shows us around Forrest J. Ackerman's huge horror collection, previews "The Laughing Dead"; including a chat to S.P. Somtow and some of the cast, interviews effects artist R. Christopher Biggs and goes behind the scenes on "Elm St 5" and talks to actor V.C. Dupree about his fight with Jason Voorhees in "Friday the 13th VII". All this is cut in with clips, gory and otherwise, from the films mentioned and all in all makes for an interesting and informative hour's viewing. It does, unfortunately, suffer from the American; "Jason and Freddy" disease, but whatever sells, sells, at least they're not interviewing Robert Englund or Kane Hodder. On the whole excellent.....read on!

DEAD BEAT 2

Written, Produced and Directed by: ROD REED & ANTHONY C. FERRANTE.

The second volume of "THE DEAD BEAT" carries on where the first left off, with the same high standard of production and a load more interesting features, including; a tribute to "Re-animator"; interviews filmed with Stuart Gordon, Jeffrey Combs, David Gale (Dr Hill), Brian Yuzna and F.X. artist John Buechler. There's also features on K.N.B. effects team, "splatter-punk" - David Schow, stop-motion animator Randy Cook ("I Madman", "The Gate" and "Gate II") and a preview of "The Guyver" ("Mutronics" over here), including chats with the two directors; Screaming Mad George and Steve Wang.

On the whole a bumper horror package, I think you'll agree? There is a

"DEAD BEAT 3" due out any day now, so keep watching this space. In the meantime though if you want to get hold of a copy (only N.T.S.C. though, I think?) write to: **POSTMORTEM: P.O. BOX 3256, ANTIOCH, CALIFORNIA, C.A. 94531-3256, U.S.A.** and they'll send you prices etc.... Don't forget to send a I.R.C. (International Reply Coupon). Do it **NOW!**

BOTH FILMS: ****

BOTH GORE: ***

NAKED LUNCH

Directed by: **DAVID CRONENBERG.**

Starring: **PETER WELLER, JUDY DAVIS, IAN HOLM, JULIAN SANDS, ROY SCHEIDER.**

Jesus Christ, what a damn weird film! This has got to figure up there with "Videodrome" as the weird side of David Cronenberg. It makes very little sense from start to finish, but that's William Burroughs for you, I must admit to never being a fan of Mr Burroughs' work, I'm more of a Franz Kafka man myself, but I haven't read much by Burroughs, have I missed much? Judging by this....?

We follow William Lee (Bill-Lee..Ha! Ha! Weller) a man happy in his chosen vocation as a bug destroyer. A man with no problems except a wife who's addicted to shooting up on his bug killing powder.

Soon William is joining her on the slippery slope to addiction until one fateful night he, whilst playing the "William Tell" routine, "accidentally" blows a hole in his wife's head.

Before the cops can catch up with him for the murder William decides to leave the country and that's where it starts to get very strange.

William runs to "interzone" - a place where homosexuality is the norm and lives revolve around typewriters that turn into giant talking bugs and mugwump heads that dispense mind-expanding juices from hair-like tubes, here he meets his ex-wife's lookalike and gets involved with various "queer" characters.

On the whole I found "NAKED LUNCH" far too slow and pointless... don't get me wrong I like a homosexual, drug influenced, bug romp as much as the next man, but it's got to have a point, this seems like weirdness for weirdness sake. On the up side Peter Weller is superb as the deadpan bug exterminator and the settings and effects (done by Chris Walas) are masterful. I'm sure fans of Burroughs work will appreciate "NAKED LUNCH", but I'm afraid I couldn't make head nor tail of it and must confess to preferring Mr Cronenberg's more conventional work. Having said all that it has a certain compelling



The Bug-writer in its full glory.

charm and is a striking spectacle whether you enjoy the content or not. I suspect "NAKED LUNCH" will grow on me, this type of film often does, but don't rent it if you're after a superficial horror movie.

THE FILM: ***

THE GORE: **

DELICATESSEN

Directed by: **JEUNET & CARO.**

Starring: **DOMINIQUE PINON, MARIE-LAURE DOUGNAC, JEAN-CLAUDE DREYFUS.**

What a classic! A hilarious film that lives up to everything I heard about it, all good, by the way. French with English subtitles sometimes means the jokes are lost in the translation to subtitles, not here. Most of the humour is visual so that doesn't count.

It is set somewhere in the future, though it looks more like during the

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war. Everything is scarce, including meat, everywhere....everywhere that is except for one Delicatessen who seems to have his own supply. Above said Delicatessen are quite a few flats occupied by many weird people, including a newcomer ex-circus performer, employed by the owner and butcher in the Delicatessen as handyman. Here also lives the butchers daughter and a relationship between her and the handyman soon appears. The meat supply, incase you hadn't guessed, is made up of the butchers ex-tenants and the handyman is next on the menu unless the love of his life can help it. Seeking help she enlists the assistance of "The Troglodistes", an underground band of vegetarian freedom fighters to help save her man, and the fight is on. There's some great set pieces in this little masterpiece, one where the butcher is screwing his wife on a squeaky bed that sets up a rhythm throughout the building via the pipes, another where the handyman is looking for the squeak in the same bed with the butchers wife and they are bouncing to the rhythm of the T.V. This is genius, pure genius. Humour as black as pitch, settings that are perfect and a cast to match. Buy it this very minute.

THE FILM: *****
THE GORE: *

TWIN PEAKS

Directed by: DAVID LYNCH.
Starring: SHERYL LEE, MOIRA KELLY, DAVID BOWIE, CHRIS ISAAK, RAY WISE, HARRY DEAN STANTON, KYLE MacLACHLAN.

Hope fully this masterful celluloid nightmare detailing the last ten days of Laura Palmer will not only appeal to fans of the T.V. series. Everybody knows that Laura (superbly portrayed by Sheryl Lee, who had little to do in the series) is doomed and it is for this reason that Lynch has kept the comedy to a minimum and has opted to focus on the dark side of the tale. There are a few moments of Lynchian humour (Keifer Sutherland's clumsy F.B.I. trainee springs to mind) but it is Laura's bizarre world (from an incestuous father to drug induced nymphomania) that takes front seat to display a neatly constructed assembly of disturbing imagery. The further Laura plunges towards her brutal demise, the more disturbing, yet truly captivating, the film becomes. There is no escape for Laura and it is the audience's duty to experience her nightmare to the bitter end.

This is Lynch's largest display of surrealism since "Eraserhead" and it is both beautiful and breathtaking while often celebrating pure evil. Garish kitsch set decor, strobe lights, Badalamenti tunes, extreme violence, backwards dialogue, the man from another place and Mrs Tremond's grandson donning a bumpy white mask with no eye holes and a long pointed nose are just a few of the ingredients.

Kyle MacLachlan's Dale Cooper has only a small role and the likes of Michael Ontkæn, Wendy Robie, Everett McGill, Jack Nance, Piper Laurie, Russ Tamblyn, Sheryl Fenn and Lara Flynn Boyle (replaced by Moira Kelly) are occasionally missed, but newcomers; Sutherland, Chis Isaak,



Harry Dean + Kyle talk cherry pie...damn fine!



Them dreams continue....

Harry Dean Stanton and David Bowie more than make up for it.

The Cannes critics were divided, some booing, others cheering, but even if you're not a Lynch fan, you'll find it difficult to keep Bob out of your nightmares for some time.

(DAVE GREGORY)

THE FILM: *****
THE VIOLENCE: ***

DOMINION 1 & 2

Directed by: KOICHI MASHIMO.
Starring Voices of: TONI BARRY, STEPHEN GRAF, SEAN BARRETT.

Well it's no "FIST OF THE NORTH STAR" and it certainly ain't "AKIRA", but it's fun nevertheless. Kind of a futuristic "Z-Cars", with tanks instead of old Escorts and Cortinas. Set in the future - 2010, the earth is cloaked in a cloud of toxic gas, forcing the population to use respiration equipment at all times. Crime has hit an all time high and so a new police squad - the TANK POLICE, is created to deal with the increase in violent crime, much to the mayoress' disapproval.

One such squad of Tank police is led by "Mr Squad Commander" Britain; a man in love with his job and his tank. Enter Leona, a new recruit to Britain's squad and out goes Britain's tank, destroyed by Leona on her first mission, but she an idea -

why not makes the bits into a mini-tank and that's what she does.

Meanwhile a gang of . ruthless mercenaries are trying to steal some urine....yeah I know! But this urine belongs to a group of people who have become "immune" to the toxins in the sky and the mercenaries are being paid handsomely.

The story is original, you gotta admit? The animation is well done; the women and children have the usual big doe eyes, and the men square jaws, but it just doesn't come close to either of the other Manga releases. Entertaining enough, I'm looking forward to part 3 + 4, but it's no classic.

THE FILM: ***
THE GORE: *

COLD LIGHT OF DAY

Directed by: FHIONA LOUISE.
Starring: BOB FLAG, MARTIN BRYNE-QUINN, CLARE KING.

Remember this, it was supposed to be shown at "Splatterfest 90", but was pulled after the response that, the dreadful, "Comic" got. Richard Driscoll directed "The Comic" and produced this.

"COLD LIGHT OF DAY" is the true story of serial killer Dennis Nilsen, or so they say. Made not long after the actual murders took place it documents the days leading up to and during Nilsen's killing spree, including the dismemberment, cooking and disposal of the victims bodies. Having said that it's not a gore packed, sicko guide to murder and homosapien cookery, it's more like a documentary made for T.V., with only a little bit more blood and works on that level, eventually! To start with though, the first 40 minutes are slower than hell, it feels more like 40 hours! The acting is painful, I've seen better in the home-made section. The directing is adequate and, because of the bad acting, the seriousness of the subject is often lost because you can't help laughing. All that in mind "COLD LIGHT OF DAY" does develop quite a nasty feel in places, it's cheap

enough to be realistic, it's no "Deranged", but it's no "Comic" either, thank God!

THE FILM: **
THE GORE: ***

OF THE DEAD

(DES MORTS)

Yes it's that time again, Mondo time "OF THE DEAD" deals with the dead, the soon to be dead and those who deal with the dead. Unlike the sensationalistic "Faces of Death" films, this is a straight, matter of fact documentary which at no time sets out to exploit death or the dead.

Very graphic and at times upsetting, the film shows autopsies, operations, a multiple stab wound victim fighting for life, a body melting in a crematorium and many different cultures around the world, dealing with the dead.

I consider myself to be a hardened mondo fan but at times even I had to fast forward, mostly in the animal scenes, but the film's up front, no mess style seems to push its point that bit harder and somehow makes the contents much more down to earth and gritty.

So if you want to puke your guts up, see it. Otherwise stay well clear.

(GREG LAMB)

THE FILM: ****
THE GORE: ****



An Xtro beastie.

XTRO 2

Directed by: HARRY BROMLEY-DAVENPORT.
Starring: JAN-MICHAEL VINCENT, PAUL KOSLO, TARA BUCKMAN.

Remember the original? Yeah pretty forgettable stuff huh? Well they made a sequel and, on the whole, didn't do a bad job. There's nothing too mentally demanding but the original didn't tax the grey-matter much either, did it? This one is set in a

scientifically controlled underground research centre where a bunch of scientists send a team of explorers through to "the other side", don't ask me??? Anyway, the team disappears mysteriously and so an expert is called in to get the back (enter Jan-Michael Vincent). He manages to get one survivor from "the other side", but she hasn't come alone, there seems to be a slobbering man-eating beastie there too and he's hungry. There's not much original in "XTRO 2", but it's entertaining enough, no oscar winner, it deserves its straight to video release, but is better than a lot of its ilk. As for the red stuff, well it's not as moist as you'd expect, with a flesh eating monster on the prowl, but it does have its moments, like when the beast punches his arm through a guy's head, but overall it's a dry day in Xtrocit. On the whole fun, but not a classic. Rent it out after visiting the off-licence, watch it after consuming your off-licence purchase.

THE FILM: **
THE GORE: **

BLOODRAGE

Directed by: JOSEPH BIGWOOD.
Starring: IAN SCOTT, JUDITH MARIE-BERGEN, JAMES JOHNSTON.

Being produced by Joseph Zito, who co-produced and directed "Rosemary's Killer" (aka "The Prowler"), you can see who gave "Rosemary's Killer" its sadistic, misogynistic tone. "BLOODRAGE" follows a young man who first kills a hooker and then runs away to New York to carry on doing the same. "Helping to clean up the world" as he puts it. Moving into a dirty room in the theatre district he sets himself up to go to all the strip bars in town and kill the "hooker scum". As this is going on, a cop who was a close friend of the first hooker killed, follows the killer's tracks to N.Y. and tries to hunt him down and bring him to justice. The whole film is an exercise in sleaze. Pimps, hookers, junkies, drunks, tramps all add to the overall feel of the thing, which ends up giving a good idea of what N.Y.'s seedy side is like. The violence is



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all directed towards women, most of it not being gory but sadistic and sexual. Watching it reminds one of "Maniac" in its tone of no hope, downbeat, scum. The killer is well acted by Ian Scott who puts his character across as a peeping tom, twisted, misogynistic and psychotic to the core, but all covered by a layer of helpless young man. The ending is a real surprise and a good twist, but on the whole the film is too misogynistic and lingers too long on the suffering of its innocent victims. A trait that I found disturbing.

(GREG LAMB)

THE FILM: ***
THE GORE: ***

THE DIANE LINKLETTER STORY

Directed by: JOHN WATERS.

Starring: DIVINE, MARY VIVIAN PIERCE, DAVID LOCHOSY.

This is the short Waters film which is uncredited in his books and his filmographies. It only runs for about ten minutes and is as technically advanced as "Mondo Trasho".

The title sequence has Divine as Diane holding up the credits in between smoking dope and sniffing cocaine. The bulk of the film is taken up with Mary Vivian Pierce and David Lochosy talking about how they've failed with their daughter; Diane, as she is a drug addict and compulsive party animal.

Enter Diane, ready to argue with her parents. She is on acid and has been out all night. In the end Diane jumps out of her window and kills herself. A must for all Waters fans, if you can find it?

THE FILM: ***
THE GORE: *

NOTHING SHOCKING

The following films were screened at the trouble-packed "NOTHING SHOCKING" festival. Everything that could go wrong did, but despite that Spencer managed to pull off a corker of a show. The following are just a small representation of what was screened, others, such as; "VIOLENT SHIT 2", "FIRST DOCUMENT" and "REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID" are reviewed elsewhere or will be reviewed in ITF #12. Keep watching this space for a "NOTHING SHOCKING 2"!

LUNATICS

Directed by: JOSH BECKER.

Starring: THEODORE "TED" RAIMI, BRUCE CAMPBELL, DEBORAH FOREMAN.

From the man who gave us "THOU SHALT NOT KILL...EXCEPT" comes a piece of genius fun called "LUNATICS (A LOVE STORY)". It's been a long gap, but his mastery of entertainment has only matured.

Ted Raimi is perfectly cast as the nut with a heart, it's a part very similar to that played by Bruce Campbell in the Evil Dead films - over the top, on the edge of sanity and completely exaggerated, kind of like a cartoon madman. A thick slice

of ham is called for and you get the whole pig.

The nut in question lives on his own in an apartment with silver foil over the walls, because he thinks that arms are going to reach out and inject him. He sleeps under the bed and imagines he has spiders in his brain, he never leaves this apartment, not even to get his mail... yep, you could say this guy has problems, and that's not to mention the imaginary people who visit him in his apartment. Things all change though when one evening he gets a wrong number while trying to dial a chat-line. Instead he reaches a call box and a girl on the run from a gang of muggers. The two meet and Hank's (Ted Raimi) problems are about to multiply.

There is touches of the Coen Brothers in "LUNATICS", there's also some Sam Raimi, but mostly it very, very original, unique and funny. It's not what you'd call a horror film, but variety is the spice of life.

Bruce Campbell pops up as the producer of "LUNATICS" and also as Nancy's (THE girl, played by Deborah Foreman) ex-boyfriend, a robbing low-life rat, who gets his comeuppance during the finale of Nancy being chased by the muggers, the muggers being chased by Hank, and Hank being chased by a giant spider...!

In short a classic piece of comic genius from the gang who never disappoint. Check it out now on 20/20 VISION.

THE FILM: ***
THE GORE: *

CHOPPER CHICKS IN ZOMBIETOWN

Directed by: DAN HOSKINS.

Starring: JAMIE ROSE, CATHERINE CARLEN, LYCIA NAFF, VICKI FREDERICK.

That music, that God damn music! I really hate the fucking music in this film! It's a pity really because it's one of the most competent TROMA films I've seen in a long time, with pretty good acting, a decent script and story and even directed with some skill, but the whole thing is totally spoilt beyond belief by the dreadful German "Oompas" music used whenever a zombie comes into shot. It's like nails down a blackboard.

The story itself follows a gang of hard-talking, hard-screwing, heavy-drinking, foul-mouthed, hard-riding women on motorbikes called "The Cycle Sluts". They spend their time travelling from town to town, screwing the men and offending the sensibilities of everyone else, the trouble is when they ride into one town they're not the only unwanted guests; the local mayor has created some of his own - zombies, created to work in a radio-active mine and they're loose.

It takes a long time for the zombies to actually start chowing-down and most of the film up 'til then is taken up with arguments within the gang, there's a lot of personality clashes in The Cycle Sluts. When I say chow-down by the way, I mean it in the broadest way as you don't much of the red stuff at all, there is a few decapitations and the odd bit of, fairly well done, gore, but it was 'R' rated in the U.S. and that says

it all.

On the whole very average, but good for a TROMA film.

THE FILM: **
THE GORE: **

DRILLBIT

Directed by: ALEX CHANDON.

Starring: BEN BEFELL, LINDA RAFFA, SAUL BRIGNALL AND MANY, MANY MORE!

From the people who brought us "BAD KARMA" comes a totally new type of horror, and damn impressive it is too! Gone are the amateur, no planning, home-made looks and instead we have a professionally put-together piece of celluloid.

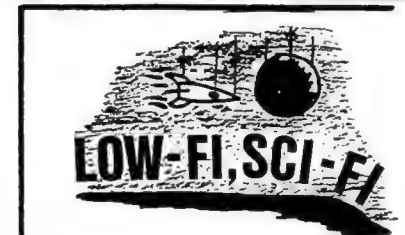
It is set in the future, Aids has over-taken Cancer as the biggest killer in the western world, but there's hope at hand in the form of a new "super-drug" called "Serocaine", but there's side-effects that the ruthless maker of Serocaine doesn't want the world to find out about, so he sends his henchmen out to kill the doctor in charge of the project and his family. They succeed, mostly, but his son is only wounded, left alive, but with a drill-bit embedded in his brain, this makes him go nuts and it's the world that suffers.

The gore is plentiful and effects, on the whole, 100% better than "BAD KARMA". This is only a short, if it ever gets made in full-length it'll be mind-blowing, it's almost that in 30 mins. More on "DRILLBIT" in #12.

THE FILM: ***
THE GORE: ***



Guts Drillbit style.



MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD

Directed by: ARNOLD LAVEN.

Starring: TIM HOLT, AUDREY DALTON, HANS CONRIED.

The 1950s mutant monster cycle gave us everything from atomic ants (THEM) to staggering spiders (TARANTULA), to colossal crabs (ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS) to lumbering locusts (BEGINNING OF THE END), in fact just about every creature known to man

that could be blown up in size and wheeled out to terrorize drive-in audiences got its fifteen minutes of fame during the period, and this film was no exception to the rule, for here we get.....that most terrifying of creatures.....sea slugs! It's not as bad as it sounds, well actually it is, but then again, that's the whole point!

A volcanic explosion in California's Salton Sea dredges up the little critter which in no time at all sets about decimating the local populace, especially those inhabiting the nearby naval base. Not standing for this, heroic, square-jawed, and quite podgy, commander Tim Holt (an actor more associated with westerns) sets off to kill the beast, but not before a whole nest of them is unearthed, and when they get into the local canal system it becomes a race against time before they start to multiply and.....challenge the world! And if that's not bad enough, one of the monsters has our hero's gal, and her little daughter trapped inside the laboratory!!

Actually quite well done this one, not so much a full blown turkey, more just a little bit silly. The creatures aren't bad at all, although in one hilarious scene, despite being about twenty feet tall, one of them manages to creep up on an old chap in the middle of an open field, by apparently hiding behind the cameraman!

There were a lot worse monster films from the period, and a lot better too, this if just a fair example of the often neglected staple fare from the time when you had no option but to "keep watching the skies", not to mention the canals.

("MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD" turned up on BBC late-night a few months back, so if you missed it, by rights it should turn up again in the distant future).

(JOHN HILL)

THE FILM: ***

VISIBLE CHEAPNESS: *½

FORBIDDEN PLANET

Directed by: FRED McLEOD WILCOX.

Starring: WALTER PIDGEON, LESLIE NIELSEN, ANNE FRANCIS.

I suppose, strictly speaking, this

shouldn't really be in this section as it's in no way low-fi. It's an absolute bona fide classic that surely has to be up there in the top ten sci-fi films of anyone into this stuff, I know it's in mine.

Starring the fating, "don't call me surely", "AIRPLANE" actor; Leslie Nielsen in the heroic role of Commander Adams, a heart-throb part and the romantic lead, slightly different to the roles he's better known for now.

Nielsen is the captain of a space ship sent out to a distant planet where another ship landed years before, their mission is to look for survivors.

When they arrive at the planet it turns out there's only one of the original crew still alive; Dr Morbius (Walter Pidgeon), but he's not alone, he has a daughter (Anne Francis) and Robby the Robot - an amazing gadget that does everything and later turned up on "Lost in Space". But what did happen to the rest of the original crew?

Made in 1956 "FORBIDDEN PLANET" is way, way ahead of its time and features some stunning effects that wouldn't look out of place in a recent sci-fi epic. The ship, haircuts and music betray the production date but just add to the charm. It has everything that classic's are made of.

Back on the planet, it turns out the rest of the original crew were "torn, literally, limb from limb, by some devilish thing that never once showed itself!" in the words of Dr. Morbius, and the same fate awaits the hapless crew of the exploratory ship. Before the body count starts though Dr. Morbius' daughter gets a fair bit of, deserved, attention from the red blooded crew and we discover the secrets of the original occupants of the strange planet....this is where the effects are really outstanding.

Obviously, because of the time this was made, you don't get to see the monster tearing the crew limb from limb, but you do get a great, "invisible" monster and much more besides.

As you've no doubt guessed I love this film, it oozes class and knocks most other sci-fi films of its time into a cocked hat. Quite simply genius.

THE FILM: *****

VISIBLE CHEAPNESS:

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS

Directed by: BYRON HASKIN.

Starring: PAUL MANTEE, VICTOR LUNDIN, ADAM WEST, THE WOOLLY MONKEY as Mona.

Yet another classic. Made in 1964 "ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS" has some really staggering effects work, great acting and settings that are out of this world, literally.

As you'd expect it's based on the Daniel Defoe classic story of "Robinson Crusoe", but the island is replaced here with the desolate red planet and Robinson Crusoe is in fact a crashed astronaut called Chris Draper (Paul Mantee). Draper and his, short-lived, fellow space-traveller; Dan McReady (Adam West) are orbiting Mars when they meet up with an asteroid travelling on a collision course, taking evasive action the two have to eject, separately, and McReady is killed on impact with the surface of Mars, Draper on the other hand survives as does Mona - the ship monkey, and now the hard part starts, surviving on a hostile planet, admittedly Mars isn't as hostile here as we've since discovered, it has water air and food here, as well as visitors from other planets!

Death Valley was used as the backdrop for "R.C.O.M." and it fits superbly, but the real show-stopper is the effects. The alien's ships, for example, don't fly, they kind of skip and fire destructive laser-beams down onto the planet, and that's just for starters. Damn fine cherry pie.

Meanwhile, back on the planet; Draper gets himself a "Man Friday", an escaped slave that he finds after a visit from the aliens and the two set about trying to communicate and survive the aliens attempts to blast them to pieces, before attempting to make it to the polar icecap.

At just under two hours in length "ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS" is one of the longer early sci-fi epics, they usually only just pass the hour marker, but the time flies and there's never a dull moment, a sign of a classic, and not wrong in this case. They don't make 'em like they used to.

THE FILM: ****½

VISIBLE CHEAPNESS: ½

(Remember the lower the "Visible Cheapness" rating the better the film).





A HEARTY RESPONSE

Directed by: LAW MAN.
Starring: CHOW YUN FAT.

No subtitles on this sucker, but from what I can tell this is what it's all about:

It's a comedy cop thriller about a couple of police officers who have to look after a suspect and it's a she, things get very complicated after this and there is no guns so I must admit I lost interest. It's very talky which isn't good if there's no English subtitles and you can't speak Cantonese.

The ending is a bit violent with Chow Yun Fat getting shot by the bad guy whilst trying to protect the girl, but it all ends happily ever after. This goes to prove that Chow on his own doesn't a good film make, on the other-hand maybe subtitles would improve "A HEARTY RESPONSE", is there a subtitled version anywhere?

THE FILM: **

THE GORE: *

BLOODY BROTHERHOOD

All titles in Chinese.

I don't know much about this film, no readable titles doesn't help.

A boat load of Chinese refugees are trying to sneak into Hong Kong when

they are spotted by the coastguard. A fight ensues and most of the boat's occupants are killed, one family; two brothers, father and mother are there, the mother dies of illness on the boat, the father and one brother are captured and the second brother is shot, falls into the sea and is assumed dead.

In Hong Kong the captured brother is put into a hard-labour camp and we discover the second is still alive, rescued and adopted by an old man and his young beautiful grand daughter. Living with them he starts his own business selling ice-drinks but gets a lot of hassle from a gang after protection money and so goes to see their boss with the intention of beating him to death, but ends up working for him, and soon is his right hand man. Things are not sweet in the Hong Kong Mafia though and Wah's (the brother) boss is framed with some drugs and sentenced to seven years in prison, leaving Wah no choice but to move to Taiwan.

"BLOODY BROTHERHOOD" is a solid enough thriller, there's very little gun action but the Kung Fu comes thick and fast. The story is nothing new for this genre but there are some nice twists, like the fact that Wah's brother, out of the hard-labour, is sent to kill Wah, not knowing that it's his brother, the two realise just in time. Entertaining enough but no real classic, more gun-fights would be nice.

THE FILM: ***

THE GORE: **

HARD BOILED

Directed by: JOHN WOO.
Starring: CHOW YUN FAT, TONY LEUNG.

John Woo delivers yet another double-barrelled, 2 fisted, shoot 'em up thriller and he's got his main man by his side once again. Scorsese and De Niro, Carpenter and Russell, Woo and Yun Fat, some partnerships are made in gun heaven.

Remember "The Killer"? Well this time Chow is on the right side of the law, and it's him against a gang of gun smugglers, single-handed, or so it seems. That's about it for the story, apart from the fact that Chow's partner was killed by the gangs and Chow seems to be striking up a relationship with a member of the gang, no not that kind it's Tony Leung.

As you can see, it's basic storywise, but the action, that's another story, it makes "The Killer" look like "Mary Poppins", Chow Yun Fat swinging on a rope from the ceiling with machine-gun blazing, sliding down a banister, pistol in each hand and that's just for starters. The body-count and bullets used would rival W.W.2., and as for exploding cars, don't even start me!

As a film I prefer "The Killer", that masterpiece takes a lot of beating, but the action will leave you open mouthed. I'd heard that "HARD BOILED" had too much action, but that's like saying too much money; impossible!

THE FILM: ****

THE VIOLENCE: *****



Chow kicks arse in Hard Boiled, but shows his soft side too.

FLAME BROTHERS

All titles in Chinese.
Starring: CHOW YUN FAT.

"THE FLAME BROTHERS" is another without subtitles and so another hard to understand.

It starts with two young lads getting in trouble stealing rice and then skips forward twenty something years. One of the lads grown up is Chow Yun Fat and he with his brother are involved in some (?) heavy gangster shit, along with an older guy who seems to be their boss?

Where as "A HEARTY OF RESPONSE" had nothing to keep you watching without subtitles "THE FLAME BROTHERS" is another story, the gun-fights come and fast enough to keep anyone amused, the story isn't really crucial when there's action like this to watch, it'd be nice if you could understand the story, but the spectacle is enough.

The gangsters have the usual hard-time getting on with another gang and relationships are strained. Chow though seems to spend most of his time entertaining old folks, chasing women in a convent and getting married, the first wedding I've ever seen in a Chinese film.

As I said there is some righteous violence in this film; with such delights as a kid getting blown away, a smoking corpse - from the bullet holes, many bloody bullet hits and head shots, all culminating in an explosive, bloodsoaked finale. Once again is there a subtitled version out there?

THE FILM: ***½
THE GORE: ***

GOD OF GAMBLERS 1

All titles in Chinese.
Starring: CHOW YUN FAT.

These gambling films were all the rage on the Eastern market a year or so ago and if this is an typical example I'm not surprised.

Chow plays Mr Ko, the "God of Gamblers", a man with more skill and luck than a bucket of four-leaf clovers and rabbit's feet. Unfortunately his luck changes one night when he comes across a trap set for a vicious landlord and ends up at the bottom of a hill with several bumps on his head. He's rescued by a couple of small time gamblers who set the trap in the first place, trouble is the bump to his head has given him the mental age of a child and partial amnesia. The gambling pair then take advantage of Ko, using him, and his re-discovered good luck, to gamble for them, until their guilt gets the better of them and they decide to sell everything to get an operation for their new friend, but before they put him under the knife one of Ko's friends finds him and during a blistering gun-fight he regains his memory and goes back to the old, two-pistols Chow that we know so well!

"GOD OF GAMBLERS" isn't a patch on the John Woo directed thrillers, but having said that it's still great fun and the childish amnesia phase gives Chow Yun Fat scope to over-act to his heart's content! Well worth a look, a kind of half classic with some stunning slow-motion bloodshed and an interesting plot that's a refreshing

change from endless moralistic gangster tales.

THE FILM: ***½
THE GORE: ***

NOCTURNAL DEMON

All titles in Chinese.
Starring: MOON LEE.

Well, I got there in the end, was it worth the wait?

When I first heard the title "NOCTURNAL DEMON" I immediately assumed it was a yellow-paper horror job, but it isn't, it's more from the thriller genre, serial killer stuff. In fact I was most disappointed. Instead of flying tongues and arms twenty foot long we get a lunatic taxi driver that pukes at the smell of perfume and has a nice side line in carving up young women. Instead of the expected yellow paper attacks and red writing on people's bodies we get endless martial art action and dumb comedy routines. In the place of wild eyebrows and bouncing vampires there's drag artists and maggots filled meat stew and hot pants clad bimbos who just happen to be kung fu experts.

On the whole a big let down on every level, it's O.K. as serial killer comedies go, but not the film I could have been spending my valuable time watching.

THE FILM: **
THE GORE: **

HERO & THIEF

Directed by RINGO LAM.
Starring: CHOW YUN FAT, SIMON YAM.

Chow Yun Fat's latest film sees a change of image for him, instead of the normal slicked hair and designer suits comes jeans, tattoos, a flat-top hairstyle and chopper bike complete his new bad-ass image!

The film itself is well sleazy being set around neon discos and strip joints. The gore is much more explicit than most of the bloodshed movies going around at the moment.

The film starts with Judge (Simon Yam) and his gang robbing an arts and sculpture shop of some golden Buddhas. The highlight being when Judge brutally stabs a young salesgirl in the chest for refusing to tell him where the safe is.

In his first scene Go Fei (Chow) rescues his friend Sam (who is Judge's cousin) from Hung, a loan shark he owes money to. It's here we see that Chow possesses some good fighting as well as knife wielding skills which makes a welcome change from his two pistoled image. Sam arranges for Go Fei's and the Judge's gang to join forces for a hijack on an arms shipment. Before it happens Hung sees Judge and asks him to kill Go Fei. During the hijack Go Fei's men are wasted by Judge. Go Fei escapes and goes after Judge, but is shot and left for dead by Sam who was forced to shoot him. There then follows a scene which could've come out of a 'Rocky' film. With Go Fei getting back to fitness by training to the accompaniment of Chinese rock music.

After this Go Fei goes out for revenge with an excellent shoot-out in a disco where the camera was actually following the bullets before impact. This is an excellent film, full of bloodshed. Chow Yun Fat, as



always, steals the show, but that's what he's paid a fortune for, I guess?

(MIKE PIBWORTH)

THE FILM: ****
THE GORE: ****

LAST BLOOD

Directed by: WONG CHING.

Starring: ANDY LAU, ALAN TAM, LEUNG KA YAN, ERIC TSANG.

What a film! Absolutely stunning, mega-violence, bloodshed galore, action-packed perfection.

It follows a visit to Singapore by the Daka Lama and the Red Army's attempt to kill him, an attempt that almost succeeds at the airport; The Lama, and the girlfriend of an incoming visitor from Hong Kong, are both injured by gunfire and it's discovered that they both have the same rare blood type and there's only five others in Singapore with it, the hunt is on! Two of the five aren't available, two more are killed by the Red Army before the police can get there, that leaves just one; Fatty, and he's not the most cooperative donor you could imagine, the fact that the Red Army are trying their hardest to make sure he doesn't get to the hospital alive doesn't help either.

The bullets fly hard in this explosive thriller that'll take your breath away, and there's even some gore too: an axe attack in the hospital, with jugulars and heads getting sliced and a wicked suicide with a machine gun, in the mouth...gulp! There's also a bit where a guy shot in the balls three times, point-blank, makes you cringe! Classic stuff indeed, this wouldn't look out of place in any John Woo fan's collection, it's as good as one of his. Truly mindblowing!

THE FILM: ****
THE GORE: ***

JUST HEROES

Directed by: JOHN WOO & NG MA.

Produced by: TSUI HARK.

Starring: JOHN CHAING, DANNY LEE, CALLY KWONG.

And now back to the man himself. Right from the opening gun-fight you know you're in for another slice of Woo gunfire magic. About fifty people get shot to pieces in the first few minutes of "JUST HEROES", and that's just the entree.

The story is one of Mr Woo's favourites; Gangster genre. The main boss of a gang is blown away by an unknown force leaving the position of boss open for the son, much to the annoyance of the senior underling. A cousin is estranged from the gangster family but after visiting the funeral of his uncle, the boss, he seems to get involved with them more, until he shoots the son, new boss.

What seems like a very complicated gangster tale with lots of characters and twists is basically a story of man's greed for power and position in their chosen field, no matter what or who is sacrificed.

"JUST HEROES" is a strong emotional film with lots of tears and powerful acting, it's also a great actioner with an ending that rivals both "The Killer" and "A Better Tomorrow II" for body and bullet count. John Woo has an immense talent and this genre definitely shows it off best. I must admit to still preferring the aforementioned Woo classics, but that's only because of the presence of Chow Yun Fat, he seems to make a film good just by being in it? "JUST HEROES" is still a classic though and if you like this genre of Hong Kong action then this is a must.

THE FILM: ****
THE GORE: ***

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BOOKS & PRINTED MATTER

R E V I E W S

ZOMBIES

ANDREW BLACK
Published by HIMSELF!

Firstly I must say that I didn't get a chance to read all of this, as it arrived practically on the deadline, but I didn't want to miss giving it a plug.

Andrew has written, put together and published this book himself, which on its own is a major achievement and deserves support, he is hoping that the profits from it will enable him to start his own publishing company, which, in turn, will help "unknown" authors, an admirable cause don't you think? But we aren't talking charity here, this a very well put together little number with over 120 pages (A5) of well researched fact about a sub-genre that's enjoyed by many, but mentioned by few. It includes a Foreword by Shaun Hutson and 9 chapters on various forms of zombie portrayals on celluloid, from the original "WHITE ZOMBIE" through the Lucio Fulci and George Romero era right up to date and beyond. Also amongst the pages of "ZOMBIES" is a comprehensive A-Z of the living dead and a, black and white, photo section, with 16 pages of stills and much, much, more....

On the whole an interesting, from what I read, well put together and informative book done with obvious enthusiasm and hard-work, well deserves to be found on the shelves of any self respecting fan of them rotten critters.

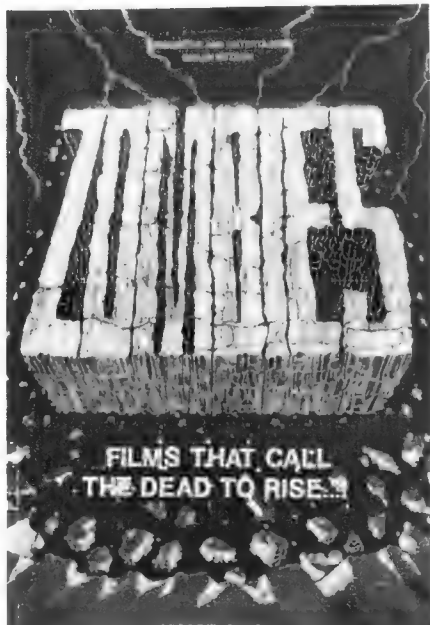
The only criticism I do have is the cover, it could've had a real bone-crunching, gut-chomping, zombie still on it, but you can't have everything! If you're interested in getting hold of a copy it's £8.99 + 75p P+P, from: ANDREW BLACK, 15 JUBILEE RD, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON, T.Q.12. 1.L.B. Go on smash that piggy-bank!

SLIVER

IRA LEVIN.
Published by PENGUIN.

A combination of patience and damn good eyesight can occasionally pay dividends when perusing the shelves of bookshops.

On a good day, it's possible to pick out novels not written by King, Koontz, Hutson and co. Don't get me wrong, that trio all have their moments (especially King) but if, like me, you're on the lookout for something a bit different then Levin could be your man. Sandwiched between a couple of Richard Laymon books, "SLIVER" promised "the ultimate fin de siècle horror novel". Err, don't know about that but here we have a



rattling good book focusing on 1300 Madison Avenue, a building with a mysterious owner and an escalating number of fatalities. Successful business woman Kay Norris, moves into an apartment there and soon finds herself the subject of some real state-of-the-art surveillance, though this is a long way from being a typical "someone is watching me" plot. At least, not in the second half of the novel as the first 100 or so pages suggest a story which is just a teensy bit pedestrian. Then, bang! Levin injects a change of pace and we've got a whole new ball game. Showing a deep mistrust of technology, and successfully mixing delightfully paranoid characters in a setting which suggests our own dwelling places are maybe not as safe as we imagine, "SLIVER" makes for a decidedly uneasy read. Written with skill and economy, this one will no doubt be added to the Levin-on-film collection, though I trust it will receive better treatment than afforded to that marvellous novel "A Kiss Before Dying". Until then, give this a whirl. Home is where the ART is indeed.

(STEVE LANGTON)

WARTS AND ALL

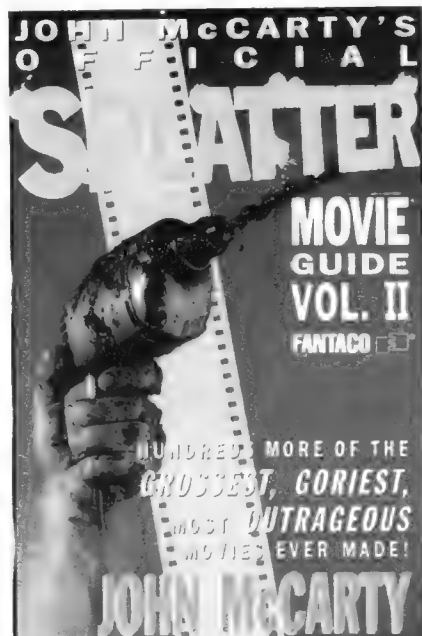
DREW FRIEDMAN & JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN.
Published by PENGUIN BOOKS.

If you read "Psychotronic Magazine" (and you should, as it will improve your life almost as much as ITF does), then you'll be familiar with Drew Friedman's breathtaking illustrations. This here book is a collection of his comic strips and cartoons produced in conjunction with his brother Josh.

Drew Friedman's style is unlike any other you'll come across - his drawings are almost like photographs. This alone is enough to recommend the book, but what makes it of particular interest is the Friedmans unhealthy obsession with trashy 50's B movies and T.V. shows. How can you resist Tor Johnson's adventures in New York, or Bela Lugosi's scariest role? How about cinema posters for Lon Chaney Jr's "The Scary Guy" or "Freak Show Girl (she's hot mule bait!)" among others? Or snapshots of Bob Hope and Charles Manson, Micky Rooney and Richard Speck, and Milton Berle and Lee Harvey Oswald?

This only scratches the surface, though. "WARTS AND ALL" also contains the adventures of Jewish carpet salesman Marnin Rosenberg, "The Joey Heatherton Story" - the tale of Hollywood's hottest teen starlet and her descent into drugs and depravity, and interviews with the Three Stooges wives - "I loved Harry. His breath smelt like he brushed his teeth with shit, but I loved him." Add to this "Beaver facts", everything you always wanted to know about "Leave it to Beaver", and the classic "Ugly White Guys - They like Television", and you have a package that's unmissable. I can't recommend this book highly enough. Drew Friedman's illustrations really have to be seen to be believed, and the sick sense of humour that permeates the book will have you shitting your pants with mirth. All this, and a particularly disgusting 3D cover, too. If you have any interest at all in the wasteland of 50's U.S. trash media culture, then "WARTS AND ALL" is a must have item.

(NICK NEWPORT)



EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED

THE MAKING OF NAKED LUNCH.
Edited by IRA SILVERBERG.
Published by GRAFTON.

Read my review yet? Well I had this book before I saw the film and it's part of the reason I was so disappointed with the finished article. You see the book just makes it look soooo damn fine! It doesn't prepare you for the dullness that is "Naked Lunch", it's visual beauty, yes, but it's painful snail-like pace and go-nowhere plot, no! Why oh why, it looks good, has all the ingredients, but...

O.K., I've dried my eyes, it's the book I'm here to review and that's still soooo damn fine! A plethora of stunning stills, the ins and outs of every arse involved in the film, including Mr Cronenberg's (with a filmography thrown in for good measure) and Mr Burroughs'. (also with a list of his work, fictional and non..).

The writing is very sparse in "EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED", but that doesn't really matter when you've got stills like the ones featured here to look at, it's a fanzine editor's dream.

Basically; great book shame about the film, but if you love the film you'll like 'em both, state the bleedin' obvious why don't I....

HELLRAISER CHRONICLES

Edited by STEPHEN JONES.
Published by TITAN BOOKS.

Hey another "making of..." book, can't slag the film off this time though it's not out yet, but the other two are and this little beauty covers the lot; from the original "Hellraiser" to the new "Hell on Earth" there's everything you've ever



Cocktail talk, a la Naked Lunch.

wanted to know, and some you never even thought of asking.

The first 2 of the book deals with each film in order, introduces the characters, one by one, and includes a plot synopsis, full cast list and stunning, full-colour U.K. cinema poster (A4), this is followed by a look at Bob Keen and his gang's F.X. work to date, and it's all kicked off with an introduction by the man who started it all; Clive Barker. What more could you ask?

In short an absolute essential piece of literature for anyone interested in the "Hellraiser" films and the genre in general. A definite must have. Visually stunning, with page after page of stunning colour shots from all three films. Let's just hope that "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" lives up to its photo-work better than "Naked Lunch"? Time will tell, but I've got every appendage crossed until it's released.

SPLATTER MOVIE GUIDE VOL 2

JOHN McCARTY.
Published by ST. MARTIN'S PRESS.

Well I'm not going to be slagging off any books this issue, or so it seems, cos I like this one too. You can't loose with a book full of horror reviews... maybe I should do one, the "IN THE FLESH GUT BOOK"? Hey, snappy

title huh, maybe one day, let me know if there's a market? Anyway, volume 2 of the "SPLATTER MOVIE GUIDE" is pretty much the same as volume 1, except better. The reviews are more obscure and hence more interesting - to me, I don't bother reading reviews of stuff I've already seen, unless they're favourites of mine, so I can yell and curse the writer if he slags 'em... and talking of which; how dare you slag "Wild at Heart" Mr McCarty, it's a masterpiece!!! On second thoughts don't buy this, buy anything else instead of this! Save your money for a rainy day, anything but spend it on this, avoid it like the plague, never ever let it past your doorstep, keep at least 2 miles between you and any copy of this book, this book is the kiss of death and has caused many plane crashes and natural disasters... be warned! The yellow eye of Cat Mandoos ring any bells?



ISSUE ONE: Sam Raimi and Jorg Buttgeriet Interviews; Eye-stabbing on film Hong Kong Movies; Dead Next Door; Bill And Ted; Zombie.

ISSUE TWO: Bruce Campbell and Guy Phelps Interviews; Wicker Man; Baby Blood Films of Roman Polanski.

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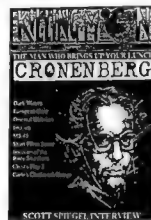
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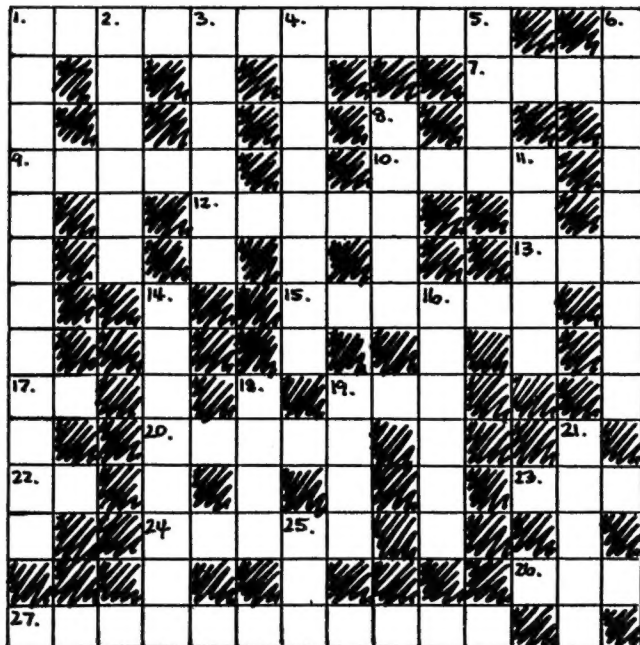
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WATCH OUT FOR KILLING MOON ISSUE 5: OUT NOVEMBER 1992.



PRIZE

GROSS-WORD



ACROSS.

- 1) NEW RUTGER (5,6)
- 7) OPPOSITE TO UNDER, I WAS DESPERATE! (4)
- 9) CARPENTER REMAKE OF 1951 FILM (5)
- 10) THE DARKSIDE HAD SOME (4)
- 12) FESTER'S TITLE (5)
- 13) BLOOD ISLAND HAD THIS DOCTOR (3)
- 15) JUGGER HAND SIGNAL (6)
- 17) FIRST PART OF TOPO (2)
- 19) MAIN CHARACTER IN 19D, CREATED BY 23A (3)
- 20) 1983 FILM, HARD ONE, SO HERE'S A CLUE - IT'S GOT 2 LETTER E'S IN IT! (5)
- 22) MR WOOD'S FIRST NAME (2)
- 23)+21D) DIRECTOR & CREATOR OF 19D AMONGST OTHERS (3,(5)
- 24) MRS MUNSTER (5)
- 26) aka SORORITY BABES IN THE SLIME BOWL-A-RAMA (3)
- 27) EXPLOSIVE, BUT DEPRESSING STEVE DE JARNATT FILM (7,4)

DOWN.

- 1) INTRUDER DIRECTOR (5,7)
- 2)+5D) PAUL HART-WILDEN NECROPHILIA FLICK (6,(4)
- 3) THERE'S A GIANT ONE IN "CHINESE GHOST STORY 2" (6)
- 4) THE WILLIAM PETER BLATTY CLASSIC (8)
- 5) SEE 2 DOWN (4)
- 6) NEW JACKSON GOREFEST! (9)
- 8) WENT WITH LACE FOR "COLOURBOX" (5)
- 11) "STAR" OF "BRAIN DAMAGE" (5)
- 14) GIANT ORIENTAL, "MAN IN A RUBBER SUIT" CRITTER (8)
- 16) 1988 CAMILO VILA FILM THAT STARRED BEN CROSS (6)
- 18) BILLY'S LAST NAME, NOT HORROR, HAVE HEARD ANY OF HIS RECORDS? (4)
- 19) MILITARY PART OF A NEW. LONG AWAITED, FILM FROM RENAISSANCE PICTURES (4)
- 21) SEE 23 ACROSS (5)
- 25) MR LUCAS' MIDDLE NAME (3)

PSSSTT, want some horror posters? Well there's a who bundle to be picked up by the first **FIVE** correct answers, to the following gross word, pulled from the hat on the deadline date. The posters up for grabs are "MISERY", "KING OF NEW YORK", "STEPPATHER III", "SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW" and "PACIFIC HEIGHTS", so why not go for it? It's an easy one this time, honest!
Deadline: 30/9/92.

ANSWERS TO GROSS-WORD IN IIF #10

ACROSS.


- 1) VENGEANCE THE demon. 7) MAGGOT.
- 8) EPITAPH. 10) CAPE fear. 11) DERN.
- 13) ROOM. 15) NO (retreat), NO (surrender).
- 17) LITTLE SHOP OF horrors. 20) NEST.
- 21) NEAR. 25) RED. 27) night of the BLOODY APES. 28) POSSESSION.

DOWN.

- 1) VAMPIRE LOVERS. 2) NIGHT OF THE bloody apes. 3) ATTACK. 4) CREEPS. 5) TRIP.
- 6) COHEN. 9) AXE. 11) vengeance the DEMON.
- 12) RAN. 14) PLAN. 16) OATH. 18) little shop of HORRORS. 19) FEW. 22) EEL. 23) CAAN.
- 24) cape FEAR. 26) DUO. 27) BUS (stop).

LAST ISSUE'S WINNERS.

MICHELLE FLYNN, GWENT. ANDY RICHMOND, MIDDLESEX. PETER KIRK, LONDON.



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She must be "The Bad", I guess?

TROMA continue their reign as kings of the "silly film title" with the likes of "FROSTBITER WRATH OF THE WENDIGO" and "THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE SUBHUMANOID: CLASS OF NUKE'EM HIGH III" being premiered at this years Cannes film festival, what will they come up with next, knowing TROMA they'll think of something?

VIPCO continue their phoenix like rise with a few more of their back catalogue due soon. including "ZOMBIE FLESHTEATERS" - WIDESCREEN!, Tobe Hooper's "DEATH TRAP", "PSYCHIC KILLER" and "DEATH WARMED UP", that was on Medusa originally, strange! This is to be followed by "a fabulous Fulci foursome"??? "CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD", "HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY", "THE BEYOND", and ??? your guess is as good as mine, "NEW YORK RIPPER"? SVEAH RIGHT!!!! MONKEYS MIGHT FLY OUT OF MY BUTT!!!! Stay tuned for more info, and prize copies.

TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE is currently under negotiation with a company I can't name for a video release in the near future, how it'll fare with the good old BBFC is another question, time will tell, but don't hold your breath.

Well, that's about it for #11. Thanks for taking the time to read some, or all, of the contents, I hope to greet you again before Xmas with ITF #12? Until then, be careful out there!

Cheers,

"HELL-ROLLER" is a new film from the Producer of "CANNIBAL HOOKERS", reviewed in IFF #10. It's the first film about a serial killer in a wheelchair. "One by one, he slaughters his lovely victims, including a top model (Michelle Bauer), a hooker (Lucia Mortato), and two tough street girls (Elizabeth Kaitan and Tamara Souza)." So it says in the Synopsis. I was lucky enough to meet up with the man responsible for both films when I was over in L.A. (sounds good huh??), and he'd read my "CANNIBAL HOOKERS" review and didn't attempt to dismember me, in fact he loved it, what a guy! His name is Gary Levinson and he'll be supplying me with a copy of "HELL-ROLLER" when it's done so keep watching IFF for a review, hopefully in #12?

STATE is a new "fanzine" from the man responsible for the "BLACK SUNDAY" festivals; Dave Bryan. It's more mainstream than this rag, thus continuing Dave's interest with the "Big budget" Hollywood fare. The first issue is out NOW! It was too late for the "Paper & Pus" page so if you want a copy then send a cheque or Postal Order for £2.20 (inc P+P) to: STATE, 51 THATCH LEACH LANE, WHITEFIELD, MANCHESTER, M.25. 6.E.N. Issue #1 contents: ALIEN 3, LETHAL WEAPON 3, UNIVERSAL SOLDIER: JEAN CLAUDE VAN DAMME INTERVIEW, PATRIOT GAMES & ARMY OF DARKNESS: SAM RAIMI INTERVIEW.



Steve. C.

**IT WILL TEAR YOUR SOUL APART...
AGAIN!!**



**NOW...
TIME TO PLAY**

HELLBOUND HELLRAISER II





THE BEYOND